

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

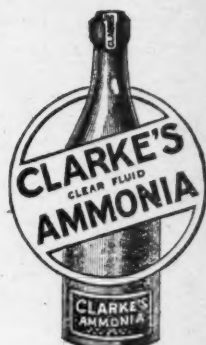
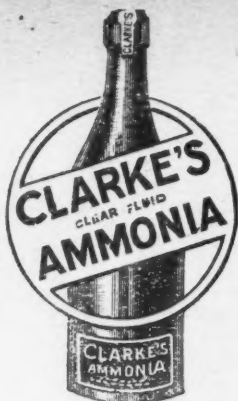
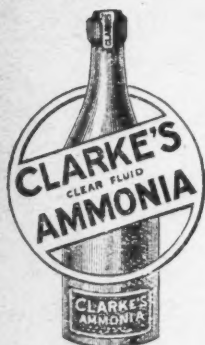


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Ex Umbris et Imaginibus.

THE appearance of the admirable literary life of Newman by Dr. Barry, and the occurrence in August of the fourteenth anniversary of his death, suggest reflections upon his character and work. Much has already been written on the subject, but Newman's personality was so many-sided that one may constantly break new ground in dealing with it.

The poet is of value because he utters thoughts belonging not to one age only but to all. And the man of genius has permanent interest because he illustrates in his own person so much of the best and truest in human nature. And as we recognize a certain solidarity between great poets of all ages, so perhaps it is not fanciful to detect a family likeness between great men as far apart in life and thought as are paganism and Christianity.

Thus Plato and Newman have certain characteristics in common. Both were mystics, both poets in mind and feeling, and both had no small share of that permanent characteristic of human nature, the spirit of idealism. Of Plato's idealism in the technical sense we have no intention to speak. But, applying the term in its ethical rather than in its metaphysical signification, it is true to say that both Plato and Newman were idealists, or men of ideals. The difference between them is that between nature and grace, but the common term embraces both.

And the spirit of idealism is ever the same. In itself it is a human thing, liable to human weaknesses. It may distort facts, or take an untrue view of them, as in the case of Plato. It may fail just where we need it most, as classical instances prove. But, like all human gifts, it is from above and, like them, it is not superseded, but elevated and ennobled by Christianity.

In Plato it is the craving for the good, the noble, and the true. It is the development of the power, implanted in each of

us, to see in the "real" depths beyond. Time and contact with the facts of life stunt and slowly stifle the gift within us. But Plato would insist upon it, encourage its growth, remove obstacles from its path. His theory of *Ἀνάμνησις* was but an attempt to put into words the origin of that strange longing, coming he knew not whence. It was the homesickness of the soul confined within the dungeon of the body, yearning to return from the dim-lit cave of shadow and seeming to its home in the pure light of reality and truth. At every step contradictions and illusions baffle and puzzle it. *Ὁ δὲ διώκει μὲν ἅπαντα ψυχὴ καὶ τούτου ἕνεκα πάντα πράττει, ἀπομαντευομένη τι εἶναι, ἀπορούσα δὲ καὶ οὐκ ἔχουσα λαβεῖν ἱκανῶς τί ποτ' ἐστίν.*¹—A good, the object of every soul's pursuit, the motive cause of its every action, but a good hid in a labyrinth to which it has lost the clue, a good of which it is ever catching faint echoes, as of some long-forgotten melody, ever haunting the ear, yet ever eluding pursuit.

And so convinced was Plato of the reality of this good, and of the Divine origin of the instinct with which we crave for it, that he lost sight of the body in his love for the soul, and forgot the solid reality of things in the pursuit of what they represent. For in him philosopher and poet were inextricably interwoven. His mind realized intensely any truth it embraced. Yet the torrent of poetical imagery which surged through it often hurried him along past a close examination of the steps of his reasoning, while his philosophic temper compelled his assent to conclusions vitiated by this poetic fervour.

At the bottom of his error on its ethical side lay the undoubted truth, that in all our consciousness we are aware of a distinction between what is actual here and now, and what might be, but is not, actual, and which we regard as better than the present. In practice we act only in so far as we have an idea of something to be done which would improve the present. It is this which forms the stimulative value of an ideal.

In one sense man at any moment has attained his goal. He is his true self. In another he is far from it, for there is evil mingled with his good, and his highest self cannot, he feels, be evil. This ideal self which he sets before him as the goal of his ambitions is the stimulating motive of his life—his *παράδειγμα* in Plato's language. In the constant effort to reach this higher self his progress consists.

¹ *Rep.* 505 E.

And here the methods of Ethics and of physical science run parallel. No law of nature is ever completely realized; it is hampered by the simultaneous operation of other laws. No apple falls to the ground in ideal conformity with mechanical principles. But science idealizes, treats imperfect instances of its laws as perfect, and so attains to higher and wider truth. Similarly repeated attempts in action advance us to the higher that is to be.

Plato's conception of the *ἰδέα τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ* as the *μέγιστον μάθημα*, in whose light alone life becomes intelligible, is too wide a field for us to enter upon here. But the resemblance between his account of the matter and another definition of the highest or "eternal" life is striking.

The Church's mission is ever *regere quod est devium*. Philosophy apart, the truth of Plato's error she has touched and quickened. She tells of a good which every soul pursues, of a reality beyond the outward seeming of things. There is a sense in which the external world is an *umbra* and an *imago*. There is a light that never was on land or sea—never in its fulness,—a light of which the most entrancing lights and shades of nature are mere *μυήσεις*. "Man partly is and wholly hopes to be," is a truth she has always preached. It is the mark of her children; and in so far as men of all ages have loved it in conduct, they have been imbued with her spirit, though not in visible communion with her.

Yet, though all Christians must hold this truth intellectually, they need not, and do not all do so, with their hearts. A man may be embittered without renouncing hope, be cynical in thought and tone and yet cleave to religion. Much more is it possible to be calm and calculating, without enthusiasm or fervour, and yet maintain outward communion with Catholicity. But the saints, the geniuses of Christianity, have been men of far other mould. Not visionaries or dreamers, they realized the full meaning of existence; they saw life steadily and saw it whole, and yet clung, with all the impassioned ardour of a soul which nothing but the best can satisfy, to the higher and the fairer. They were men of ideals in the best sense.

But the difficulties which beset such a character are legion. It has been said in a different context that every man is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Many of us start life as Platonists and end it either as Aristotelians or as pessimists. In youth we are Platonists in the sense that we raise for

ourselves an ideal city in which to live our days with our fellows. But disillusionment creeps slowly upon us. Idol after idol falls. We renounce the rich imagery, the warm glow and fervour of Plato, and Aristotle, more sober and prosaic, but truer, we feel, to fact, sits in the master's chair, content if he can secure the good to a single individual, even while he admits that it were a nobler work to procure it for a whole state. Such is the inner history of many not unfavoured. Others of an extremier temper plunge from the height to the abyss; and when stupor has given place to dull pain, remain morose, bitter, soulless.

Yet there are undoubtedly some to whom it has been given to feel the thousand natural shocks, and remain chastened; to attain to the world's prose, and not be embittered. Newman's biographer, whose task it will be to perform on its ethical side the work so ably accomplished by Dr. Barry in its literary aspect, will have just such a character to portray.

The soul-struggles of Newman's Oxford days are writ large in the *Apologia*. The complete story of his life as a Catholic has yet to be told. In a letter to Father Whitty, published in Mr. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*,¹ he describes the first twenty years of his career in the Church as a series of tasks, attempted at the request of ecclesiastical authority, and only desisted from in obedience to the same authority. The Dublin Catholic University, the translation into English of the Bible, the editorship of the *Rambler*, the foundation of a house for Catholics at Oxford, were all works to which he set his hand. All were from one point of view failures. All were a severe strain upon a character diffident at the best of times; but indomitable courage and whole-hearted energy characterize them all. The privately published *My Campaign in Ireland*, sheds a pathetic light on the history of a work peculiarly difficult to a man of Newman's temperament. This one work alone will suffice to illustrate our meaning.

Of the prejudice cheerfully faced and lived down, of the problems of finance and organization which met him at every turn, there is no need to speak here. To any one slightly acquainted with the facts, and with the difficulties, which in ordinary life beset a sensitive, highly-strung temperament, it will be plain that the inward conflict must have been severe and bitter in the extreme. Yet, notwithstanding discord and

¹ Vol. ii. p. 500.

depression within, the outward utterances of the spirit ring clear and true. The *University Lectures* are an English classic and among the best of Newman's literary work. The casual reader can detect scarcely a trace of struggle or of disappointment throughout their brilliant pages. He might conceive them to be the outcome of dignified leisure, the work of a mind but little acquainted with the sordid or the meaner side of life, so ennobling is their tone, so ideal their tendency throughout.

Not but that to the sympathetic reader the *University Lectures* are a human document. There are flashes here and there which reveal the reality of the inward conflict, restrained indeed, as Newman always is, but none the less passionate and soul-piercing.

One only among the sons of men has carried out a perfect work, and satisfied and exhausted the mission on which He came. One only has with His last breath said *Consummatum est*. But all who set about their duties in faith and hope and love, with a resolute heart and a devoted will, are able, weak though they be, to do what, though incomplete, is imperishable. Even their failures become successes, as being necessary steps in a course, and as terms (so to say) in a long series which will at length fulfil the object which they propose. And they will unite themselves in spirit in their humble degree, with those real heroes of Holy Writ and ecclesiastical history, Moses, Elias, and David, Basil, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, Gregory the Seventh, St. Thomas of Canterbury and many others, who did most when they fancied themselves least prosperous, and died without being permitted to see the fruit of their labours.¹

It was not without reason that Newman chose for his motto:
Cor ad cor loquitur.

This is one of the very few in the series of *University Lectures* in which the veil is lifted. For the rest, inward struggle, but outward calm; sordid surroundings, but noble utterances; the sense of failure (which dogged him all his life long), yet hope, encouragement, and stimulus for others.

All this is a drawing out of the ideal from the real, a viewing of things *sub rationibus æternis*, a stern refusal to render unconditional submission to apparent disillusionment, a practical carrying into effect of the philosophy of Rabbi Ben Ezra, and more. And this in full view of the realities of life, not the *Possumus* of the untried disciples, but the *Fiat* of one who knew what was in man.

¹ *Idea of a University.* Christianity and Letters, ad fin.

Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapour and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn after flame.

Rarely have an author's words found such literal fulfilment in any man as these of George Eliot in John Henry Newman.

But for most of us the difficulty remains. Life, as we have to live it, seems so far from any ideal interpretation. Could another, we ask ourselves, from our surroundings evoke this poetic charm? Could he stand four-square against their ceaseless round of monotony and disappointment? If he could, then he is other than we and soars beyond our sphere.

And here we are at the confines of natural idealism. Here for most of us is the seemingly inevitable breach. True there have been some, even in our own generation—as lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson know—who, though fate did its worst, have never lost their hold on the noble and the fair. These may out of three sounds frame, not a fourth sound, but a star. But such gifts in the natural order fall to the lot of few. Yet, where nature ends, grace begins. Life has power to crush mere natural optimism, and hence the need of Christianity. The Church has fastened on the natural gift where it exists, and endowed its weakness with strength; and, where the gift was so feeble as to be inoperative, she has substituted the optimism of faith. Newman is the meeting-point of grace and nature in this. Poet and mystic by nature, grace made him a tower of strength against the mocking assaults of cynicism and pessimism. He thus sums up in his own person the truth of the idealism of Plato, and the idealism, invincible yet ever open-eyed to fact, which permeates the New Testament, and forms the backbone of Christian hope. It is not more than the truth to say that Browning attained to it in the natural order. Newman combines nature and grace.

And for most of us there is no middle course between the idealism of faith and the pessimism of despair. There are pages in history before which the poet's optimism quails and falters, dark dispensations in the lives of individuals which freeze the

springs of hope within us. "A spark disturbs our clod, Nearer we cling to God," is, we feel at such times, more beautiful than true. "Though He should kill me, I will trust in Him," is the cry of faith.

In short, to arm oneself for the battle of life with natural optimism is to court despair. There are times when it will slip useless from our enfeebled hands. Not that such optimism is in itself delusion. It is truth, but not the whole truth. If the soul's citadel of hope is to be held, it must be by men as well as by walls. That which is to strengthen the defenders can come only from above. And the law is that through many blunderings man tends, will he but allow himself, to the ideal that is to be.

God's gift was that man should conceive of truth
And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake
As midway help, till he reach fact indeed.

So it was with Newman. Yet the struggle was not without its compensations. In March, 1884, he could write:

For myself, now, at the end of a long life, I say from a full heart that God has never failed me, never disappointed me, has ever turned evil into good for me. When I was young I used to say (and I trust it was not presumptuous to say it) that our Lord ever answered my prayers. And what He has been to me, who have deserved His love so little, such will He be I believe and know, to everyone who does not repel Him and turn from His pleading.

Thus it had not been all conflict. Through many tribulations he was entering the kingdom. And the shadows and images were even then giving place to the Truth which is also Love.

H. K.

The Oxford Exhibition of Historical Portraits,
1904.

HISTORICAL portraits are very precious possessions in the eyes of all who regard the past wisely as the proper enlargement of the present, who seek there not a frigid commentary on political science, but honestly ask nothing more than to see the performance, holding themselves ready to applaud or weep or hiss in all good-fellowship with the players. The wise man of Greece, in his prim and uncompromising way, declared that of our pity and kindred emotions we all need purging on occasion, and therein found a reason for the solemn and religious drama of his race. Our tragedies are perhaps not very solemn, certainly not very religious, yet may we still escape the perils of accumulated pity. For we have at least a history greater than the Greeks, and in the two thousand odd years that are our very own, a stately drama and one full of the best religion. We have but to buy our tickets and there are seats to suit all purses in this fine theatre. Seats for the learned in the stalls and boxes, seats for clients of the good Sir Walter in the humble pit and gallery.

Thus, through a gentle haze of allegory, to the Oxford Exhibition of Historical Portraits, an Exhibition which in the spring of the present year ran its too brief course in the Examination Schools of the University; an admirable Exhibition, well hung, chronologically arranged, and, as a certain magazine remarked, not extensive enough to be fatiguing. It provided its visitors with an excellent catalogue, to which Mr. Lionel Cust furnished an introduction. Its directors, in short, left undone nothing that ought to have been done, and though modestly admitting that they followed at an interval of years the example of Cambridge, fully atoned for the delay by the eventual excellence of their performance.

The collection was drawn mainly from the halls of colleges, and was in theory limited to such historical personages as died

prior to the year 1625. A panel of Edward III. was the earliest, a youthful portrait of Charles I. the latest in the list. Now between these two dates obviously lies one of the great catastrophes of history, a time when the old order crackled and went up in smoke with astonishing completeness and rapidity, and in this fact, rather than in the artistic merit which many so diligently sought, lay the surprising interest of the Exhibition. For it visualized in perhaps the most complete and satisfactory manner possible the progress of a great movement, showing its working as reflected in the human countenance. It would be hard to discover a better corrective to that disastrous pedantry which makes of history the most ungainly of abstractions; a better means of seeking, with Lord Acton, knowledge of the great impersonal forces which rule the world, without forgetting the human personality of the men they govern.

With the earliest portraits of the Exhibition we were well in the days before the deluge, in the centuries when mediævalism still coloured the heavens. It is true that we were warned not to regard these ancient panels as always strictly contemporary with their subjects; indeed, one disconcerting writer in the *Oxford Magazine* roundly declared them all to be the work of a seventeenth century Dutchman. But this boastful generalization has as many holes as a sieve, and through one of them we escape with Mr. Cust, who holds that when not contemporary they were often based upon older representations in brass or stained glass. And it is no hard saying, for they are for the most part strikingly characteristic of their age. The very earliest of all, for example, the Queen's College portrait of Edward III., is easily believed a relic of the world of Froissart; the rubicund old man, with silky-grey beard and rosy cheeks, with wide, sensual lips and genial smile, is certainly the "Kindly King" of tradition, the King who in youth rode down the English lines the morning of Crecy "and spake so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomforted took courage in the seeing and hearing of him." And Henry V., with his lean chops and solemn white face, is the very man who passed on his great horse, clad all in black damask, through the starving crowds of Rouen, and so up to the Cathedral to say his prayers. To the conquered city he must have seemed no bad figure of the angel of death, the scourge of God he believed himself to be.

But it is with the churchmen that we get the most striking

information in these early days. These fifteenth century Bishops, magnificent in full pontificals, self-confident, business-like, gripping their crosiers, are the last descendants of the prelates who hammered barbarian Europe into shape. The world, they are sure, will always kneel for their blessing, as, with a little occasional grumbling, it has done these many centuries. *They* would not argue with the refractory, as we shall find their successors doing, they would obviously excommunicate; indeed, the very idea of a discussion in their case seems impertinent. *Fecit mihi magna qui potens est* is on the open page of the book Bishop William Waynflete holds before him, and it might serve as motto for them all. Bishop William himself is very typical, a square-jawed, imperturbable dignitary, who would certainly stand no nonsense in the way of toleration.

But the fearless domineering look disappears altogether as we pass into the sixteenth century. Two of Henry VII.'s Bishops were represented, Fox of Winchester and Smith of Lichfield, both founders of colleges at Oxford, both statesmen more than ecclesiastics. Corpus Christi College lent two copies of Johanes Corvus' picture of their founder, they could not bring themselves to part with the precious original. In this picture Fox is represented after he had become blind, a gaunt, haggard old man, leaning both hands for support on the handle of his staff. No crosier or jewelled mitre breaks the gloom, the black cassock and white rochet alone remind us of his ecclesiastical character. A Government hack, we are tempted to say, rather ashamed and altogether weary of his position.

The early days of Henry VIII. bring us into a new world of colour, Wolsey flaming everywhere in scarlet and the King a very miracle of purple and fine linen. The brilliancy is appropriate, for we are in the days of hope, in the days when the connection with Spain was still full of promise, when the new learning flourished in England, bringing with it no outrageous idolatry, but the great-souled wisdom which produced Sir Thomas More. With a scholarly young King on the throne, a scholarly primate at Canterbury, a scholarly universal genius generally to direct affairs, what prospects opened out, what thoughts in the possibility of an English Pope! The great College shining amid the black background of one of Wolsey's portraits speaks eloquently of all this dreaming, the gaunt and crop-eared quadrangle of Christ Church is still a surly witness to its futility.

This portion of the Exhibition was singularly interesting from its mingling of old and new, Thomas Linacre cheek by jowl with Margaret Tewkesbury, the last Abbess but one of the convent at Godstow. Both these portraits were striking in their way. Linacre, the pupil of Prior Selling, and founder of the College of Physicians, studied medicine in Italy, became one of Henry VIII's physicians, and ended his life by taking priest's orders. His is a very expressive face, shrewd, sensible, with a wide plebeian mouth that could only belong to an honest man. One thinks what crowds would have flocked to his lectures at Cardinal College, lectures full of the learning of Italy (he was a humanist as well), reverent enough to old beliefs, but assuredly not dull for want of wit. Linacre has left little in the way of writing, his biographer complains, but then he was King's physician, not fellow of Cardinal College.

And the nun in her way is no less noteworthy; an old woman in the habit of her Order, very bent with age, but still wearing a fine jewelled clasp and a broad rose-coloured girdle with the words "Jhesus" and "Maria" repeated at intervals in gold. Perhaps it was part of the insignia of her office and in no wise vanity on Mother Margaret's part. Still it seems a pity, and we can hardly avoid the thought that too much fifteenth century piety had gone the way of writing up the Holy Name in gold, believing thus to have fulfilled all justice.

The portraits of Wolsey were all of one type, the well-known side face with its unflattering insistence on his corpulence. One of his royal master, lent by the Dean of Christ Church, was interesting, for it suggested the idea that Henry's strength arose largely from his narrowness of vision. The man in this picture obviously possessed an immense capacity for treading on his fellows without realizing that the process was painful to them, a possible line of defence for the mere eccentricity, but one which would do little to palliate actual decapitation.

It was with a fine eye for the dramatic that the directors hung immediately above the florid Wolseys a pallid apparition of the Reformer Tyndal. The situation is appropriate enough, for he sounded, on his inharmonious pipe, the prelude to a very bitter battle. All pinched and blue with cold, he frowns down gloomily on the great churchman, pointing with one long monstrous finger at his Bible. His lips are white and puffed, his beard grey, his whole bearing suggestive of one who had

passed through dark waters. A death's-head indeed at Wolsey's feast of reason, and this the inscription underneath :

Hac ut luce tuas dispergam, Roma, tenebras
Sponte extorris ero, sponte sacrificium.

He was strangled and burnt at the stake at Vilvorde in 1536—
Gulielmus Tyndal martyr olim ex aula Magdalene.

Holbein's magnificent picture of Warham, the one single undoubted Holbein in the Exhibition, presented a strange contrast to the churchmen of the past generation, the men who dwelt in the comfortable assurance that their stronghold was impregnable. The placid Bishops have gone for ever and in their place this grave old man, gazing out sadly into a future more wild and threatening than perhaps even we can imagine. He is the faithful sentry on the ramparts of the Church who saw ghosts rise in the night watches and the darkness only broken by the camp-fires of the enemy. One thinks of the great Chancellor who also had part in that terrible vigil, and whose brave wise face, by the skill of the same master, still lives to rebuke the faint-hearted. Warham died as the first attack was sounding, and had not to face the evil day. *Auxilium meum in Domino* is on the crucifix at his side.

From this point we have portraits from the battlefield and little else, suffering faces of the wounded, angry faces, faces of hatred, scorn, and bitterness. Peter Martyr, a truculent person with fangs, glares across at Queen Mary, as determined as himself and as good a fighter. This is Queen Mary in her days of hope; by her side is the ugly little man who broke her heart, and watching them both an old sorrowful lady without a name, who seems to be weeping over the pitiful tragedy. Bishop Gardiner looks irritable and puzzled, which is perhaps not astonishing, seeing what rapid ecclesiastical transformations he had been privileged to witness. Sir Thomas Pope, one of the Queen's Privy Councillors and the founder of Trinity College, would be an ornament and a strength to any administration, so imposing a figure does he present in a black velvet cloak lined with ermine. But the dominating portrait in this group is appropriately enough one of Cardinal Pole. Emphatically his is not the sort of face one would like to see at the wheel in dangerous weather. He looks excitable and nervous, he would certainly shout in an argument and thump the table a good deal. We think of the imperturbable

calm of the fifteenth century Bishops and their elegant books of devotion ; Pole holds some pages of manuscript which look like the headings of a controversial discourse. Being a good and modest man, we can hardly suppose he approved of the inscription which decorates the painting and which runs like this :

Si sic, Pole, tuæ potuisset mentis imago
Pingi, nil oculi pulchrius aspicerent.

What a thought in the midst of battle for life and death, to write on the portrait of a leader ! It was emphatically no day for beautiful minds to be charming the world with their performances, as a glance at the ranks of the enemy makes clear. "We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns, and pass them current too" with Hotspur, would we deal adequately with such a one as Thomas Bickley, chaplain to Edward VI. and Elizabethan Bishop of Chichester. We read in his life that contemporaries considered him a very handsome man, but in his portraits (there were two of them) he looks simply ferocious, and it is easy to believe the ugly story Fuller tells of his sacrilegious conduct in Magdalen Chapel. He is the Bishop who among other good deeds ordered the walls of all the churches in his diocese "to be whyted and beautified with sentences of Holy Scripture." It would be interesting to know what texts he selected as being most appropriate ; *Habenti dabitur* is the motto he modestly inscribed upon his own coat of arms.

Sir Thomas Wyatt is a foeman of another sort, and perhaps even more formidable. His face is the face of an enthusiast, a strange drawn face, thrust forward into strong light from a dark background and working with excitement and emotion. If he spoke, it would be in a voice quivering and breaking with fervour, a difficult voice to silence and quite beyond the range of argument. It becomes easier on looking at him to understand why the Queen's Government adopted the sledgehammer tactics that have brought on it such obloquy. Lady Jane Grey, his neighbour, is a very different person. She is good and prim and looks fully capable of sitting at home in a stuffy room reading standard classical authors, while her companions disported themselves in the good fresh air outside.

The doughty champion of Protestantism, Bishop Jewel of Salisbury, appears in his portrait to be no more than a vulgar,

pasty-faced little man with watery blue eyes; which shows that we cannot always judge by exteriors. His mild countenance is overshadowed by a sort of primitive bowler hat, and suggests the idea that he has risen in life and is trying not to be unduly elated. *Ve mihi si non evangelizavero* is his inscription, at least an improvement on Bishop Bickley's and one up to which he acted according to his lights. Queen Elizabeth, we read, sent a copy of his *Defence of the English Church* to every parish in the country.

From the nature of the case, the Protestant side in the struggle was the only one at all adequately represented in this Exhibition; indeed, after the reign of Queen Mary, we have only one Catholic portrait, that of Dr. Nicholas Harpesfield, Archdeacon of Canterbury. Dr. Harpesfield, among other distinctions, was the first Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, and in his capacity as Archdeacon had much to do with the trial of Queen Mary's heretics. Some people say he was very brutal; others, on the contrary, that he was exceptionally gentle; certain it is that he spent in the Tower the last sixteen years of his life, and died there in 1577. In his portrait he is represented as St. Jerome, beating his breast with a stone, and looking altogether dishevelled and distressed, while neatly ranged on a shelf behind him, in strange contrast, are his works of Catholic apologetic. The portrait is odd in the extreme, and may well be the work of an enemy, nevertheless it stands well enough as representing the last champion of a lost cause. For with this windy and turbulent figure Catholicism disappears from the walls of Oxford, the long list of martyrs omitted by Foxe, even Queen Mary of Scotland herself, find no representation, and we pass to Queen Elizabeth and her spacious times, with the conviction that the battle is over.

Of the Queen herself—"Diva Elizabeth"—there are many portraits, ranging from a small picture of her in her teens to an enormous full length, all lace and ruffles, whose boastful Latin inscription proclaims that, among other achievements, she triumphed over the illimitable ocean, and was the foundress of Jesus College. And around the Queen a whole bevy of unknown ladies of the Court, with thin waists and ostentatious jewelry, and a miscellaneous crowd of gentlemen, some obviously for ornament and some for official use. Of the latter, the Ministers of State, Walsingham was by far the most striking. Honesty obliges us to confess that the identification of the

portrait is a little doubtful, yet it is so exactly what one would expect Walsingham to be, that the temptation is great to cast doubt to the winds. It is a singularly cruel face ; it has something of the look a vicious horse obtains by laying back its ears ; it would easily break into an ugly smile with an indecent display of teeth. One pities the amateur conspirator who had to deal with such a man, and it is nothing short of appalling to reflect that he possessed the horrible power of torturing his fellow-creatures. He founded a theological lecture at Oxford, if that can afford any crumb of comfort. Of all the Elizabethan statesmen he is the only one whose portrait is really impressive. Burghley looks quiet and old, Sir Nicholas Bacon heavy and coarse, without the geniality which characterizes him in the much finer picture in the National Portrait Gallery. Leicester has not much character, but looks bloated. Essex is more satisfactory—a kind, impulsive, full-blooded man, generous to the last degree, but whose hand would tremble as he raised his wine-glass, whose parted lips show no strength though much benevolence ; a man who could never say “no” or act discourteously ; who would be followed because he was loved, not because he was trusted. One thinks the better of Queen Elizabeth for having been fond of him, and can understand her rage with the wicked woman who betrayed his confidence.

An interesting group of sailors serves to remind us that Europe had ceased to be the end of the world, and that the boast about the conquest of the illimitable ocean was not altogether an empty one. Many of these portraits cannot unfortunately be identified, though one “unknown navigator” is supposed to be Lord Howard of Effingham. Sir Martin Frobisher is an exception. What his connection with Oxford can have been it is hard to say ; a more unacademic figure could scarcely be imagined than this big, ungainly man, holding threateningly before him a prodigious pistol. He looks very uncomfortable in a suit of thick, padded leather, with a cruelly stiff ruff round his neck ; with his bullet head and straggling whiskers, he reminds one a little of a pugnacious sky terrier.

The Church has now shrunk to very insignificant proportions. The nursing ground of Elizabethan episcopacy it is consoling to reflect was at Cambridge ; here we have only Bishop Westfaling of Hereford, who looks pious and inoffensive. The celebrated Parker must have been connected *ex officio* with more than one college, it is a significant fact that none of them appear to have

preserved his likeness. The half-dozen or so clergymen of this period who are represented form a very uninspiring company. One is surprised to find an exceedingly mean-looking person—John Reynolds, President of Corpus—among the translators of the classic Protestant Bible; we can hardly believe that Isaiah or Ecclesiastes fell to his share. William Stock, who thinks it necessary to explain that he had his portrait painted *pro memoria et non pro vana gloria*, looks sour and unfriendly, as do most of his fellow-labourers in the Queen's official vineyard. An exception, however, must be drawn in favour of the Rev. Cromwell Lee, vicar of Holywell, Oxford, a jaunty person with his hand upon his hip and something very like a smirk on his face. He travelled in Italy, we read, and compiled an Italian dictionary; he must certainly have changed a good deal if he managed to get on with his flock at Holywell.

On the whole, though angry faces are not altogether absent, we may say that the Elizabeth portraits speak of content and prosperity. The portentous parliamentary lie which made traitors of Campion and Southwell is for the time at least brazenly successful; the opposition, whether Catholic or Puritan, is too thoroughly beaten to disturb the outward decency. As we pass to the age of the Stuarts the historic interest somewhat dwindles, the personal element is more to the fore, as, for example, in the pathetic portrait of Sir Thomas Overbury or the fine full-length of Prince Henry. We are at the end of one great movement, and the new one is still in its infancy; a second Exhibition which we are promised, should prove a valuable illustration of the troublous era commencing.

We may perhaps in conclusion be allowed a reflection of a frankly utilitarian character. The thought most strikingly brought home by this Exhibition was the immense value of such a collection as an aid in the teaching of history. Not a very original thought it is true, and one which has received practical recognition in such publications as the excellent illustrated edition of Green's *Short History*, and Mr. Gardiner's little handbook. But book illustrations are for the student, and we may venture a further suggestion. It would be possible, in these days of photogravures, for any school, at a comparatively small outlay, to procure an historical picture-gallery arranged with a view of illustrating either the general history of a period or a particular movement, which in capable hands would certainly prove a valuable educational machine. Its utility

would doubtless be greatest for the last four centuries, but the method is capable of extension into remoter ages. Even fancy portraits may have their value and fix certain broad distinctions of time and character, and in later days we have portraits, such as the Holbein already referred to, which contain in themselves the history of an epoch. History can be crammed with such fatal facility that any counteracting agent should be approved by all good men. In the present crowded condition of the educational market-place it is hopeless to cry aloud the merit of any individual claimant, and here a prolonged flourish of trumpets is unnecessary ; for we ask not for a moment more of inexpansive time, but merely for a small outlay of the gold that perisheth.

R. P. G.

"Pascal's invincible blade."

As everybody must know—for so we are constantly assured—we of the twentieth century are nothing if not critical. No belief, however hoary its antiquity, or august its history, may hope for any acceptance at our hands, if it be not prepared to quote chapter and verse for every jot and tittle of its pretensions, like a new claimant to a long-settled estate. In matters of history and fact, especially, prescription goes with us for nothing, and every question has to be tried afresh on its merits—it being perfectly clear that former generations knew so little of their business as to make their judgments wholly valueless unless they be confirmed by our improved and more exacting methods.

In one field of inquiry, however, it seems to be thought that no improvement is required, and that the verdicts of popular history can stand in need of no revision. Still as of old it appears to be an accepted principle that whatever is alleged against the Catholic Church is so sure to be substantially true that it would be mere loss of time and trouble to inquire into any concrete particulars, or to pay the smallest attention to what is urged on the other side. Thus it comes about that whilst new systems, that might make our grandsires turn in their graves, must be treated with the most delicate and punctilious courtesy, nothing is too absurd to attribute to the creed that for centuries commanded the homage of all Christendom, and still commands that of the great majority of Christians; and so in like manner for those who in any way are specially connected with it.

A striking instance was afforded the other day by a public instructor no less exalted than the *Times* newspaper.¹ The particular subject it had in hand was the ethical system of M. Maeterlinck,—confessedly rather strong meat even for the most up-to-date philosophers.

¹ *Literary Supplement*, July 8, 1904, p. 210.

He abolishes [we are told] our present code of conduct and presents us with a brand-new moral system. This he professes to do by endowing us with the unmoral (not the immoral) sense. For to the moral sense, as we have hitherto conceived it, he attributes all the evils that exist. Let us listen to his own words in the *Essay upon Sincerity*: "A movement of hatred, of selfishness, of silly vanity, of envy or disloyalty, when examined in the light of perfect sincerity, becomes nothing more than an interesting and singular flower. . . . The sincerity sterilizes the dangerous leaven, and turns the greatest injustice into an object of curiosity as harmless as a deadly poison in the glass case of a museum."

It would therefore appear that in order to sterilize the bad or dangerous leaven found in any of his actions—whatever, according to M. Maeterlinck, "bad" or "dangerous" may signify—a man has only to acknowledge to himself that he has done something which scientifically is very interesting—cut his father's throat, or sold his country, or betrayed the honour of his dearest friend—and at once it becomes as unjust and unreasonable to impute any blame to his action as to the venom of a cobra in the laboratory of a toxicologist. As M. Maeterlinck declares:

It is not he who makes the avowal that should blush, but he who does not yet understand that we have overcome wrong by the very act of confessing it. . . . The fault itself we have eliminated from our being. It no longer sullies any save him who hesitates to admit that it sullies us no longer. . . . We are no longer anything but the accidental witness of it, and no more responsible for it than a good soil for an ill-weed.

The world being evidently not yet quite ready for such a doctrine, at least in its naked simplicity, the *Times* critic is bound to utter a note of reprehension, and this is the worst he finds to say—

Had the writer [M. Maeterlinck] lived two-and-a-half centuries ago, he would doubtless have been a distinguished disciple of Ignatius Loyola, or one of the later casuists pierced by Pascal's invincible blade. With the Jesuits, M. Maeterlinck proclaims that all crimes are cancelled by confession.

Poor Ignatius Loyola! He has had many funny things laid to his charge, but this is probably the very funniest. Any one who has the slightest acquaintance with his *Spiritual Exercises*, and the views there inculcated concerning sin and its consequences, will understand that he comes in here only because

his very name precludes the necessity of any further explanation, when moral obliquity is in question. As to confession, too, we may at once renounce any attempt to discover an analogy between the sacrament in which, like all other Catholics, Jesuits believe, and the mysterious sterilizing process favoured by M. Maeterlinck. These things are manifestly said by a writer who has not thought it necessary to ask himself what he means, but having to say something, and having nothing to say, catches at a safe name, and the superficial suggestion of a word, to mask the hollowness of his phrase.

But what of "Pascal's invincible blade" transfixing the wretched casuists? Whether M. Maeterlinck does or does not bear any sort of resemblance to a casuist, have we not here, at least, a solid historical fact, of which it is good for us to be often reminded? Is it not quite certain that Pascal has left a model to all future ages of the manner in which truth and honesty should be vindicated against unprincipled cunning? More even than his consummate literary skill, was it not his manly straightforwardness that routed his tortuous and pettifogging antagonists?

This is, no doubt, the *quasi*-universal belief, concerning which, however, many questions might be asked.

That the *Provinciales* are a literary masterpiece none can attempt to deny, nor that they achieved a practical success to which it would be hard to find a parallel in the annals of literature. It may, indeed, be questioned whether it be consistent with the highest art to set up as one's antagonist such a mere man of straw as the jesuitical simpleton who is represented throughout as playing Pascal's game in so obliging and unsuspecting a manner; but, apart from this, the lucidity, the wit, the vigour, and the perfect form of his style, the lofty moral tone which it breathes, and the air of indignant virtue which it exhibits, amply suffice to account for the perennial popularity of his famous work. But, when all this is said, a question cannot but obtrude itself as we read the *Provincial Letters*, one which should not be without interest for critics whose principle is to form their own opinions for themselves, instead of taking them ready-made from others. What if the places of the conflicting parties were interchanged? if instead of a Jansenist attacking Jesuits, it were a Jesuit attacking Jansenists, and employing against them precisely the same weapons with which Pascal achieved his triumphs? What would

our critics say then? Is it not possible that had this been their genesis the *Provinciales* would have obtained even more than their actual notoriety, and be constantly held up as a convincing specimen of the means employed to gain their ends by disciples of Ignatius Loyola?

It was said in their own country more than half a century ago—"Les Provinciales vivent aujourd'hui sur leur réputation; on en parle beaucoup plus qu'on ne les lit"—and it may safely be assumed that in a still less degree have the Englishmen who sound their praises any real acquaintance with their contents. Even safer will it be to assume that not one in five hundred of those who read Pascal, ever tries to examine the originals of the authors whom he professes to cite; while, should any one do so, he is little more likely to understand their extremely technical phraseology than a layman puzzling over Coke upon Littleton or a treatise on the Law of Torts.

At the same time, it would seem pretty certain that if we are rightly to appreciate Pascal's sword-play and the invincibility of his blade, we must examine those whom it transfixes, and satisfy ourselves as to the character of their wounds, in order to see whether they be really mortal, or, if inflicted by a Jesuit controversialist, would be likely to excite much admiration.

But in the first place it will be well to make sure that we understand of whom we are speaking. What is a "Casuist"? Is it not a very common idea that he is very much the same as a "Sophist," a man whose trade is to spin arguments at once specious and fallacious, and to make the worse appear the better reason? In reality, however, a "casuist" is simply one who discusses "cases" of morals or ethics, in order to decide what is lawful or unlawful for men to do in given circumstances. No doubt there have been casuists, and Jesuits amongst others, who have brought their profession into disrepute by the excessive subtlety of their arguments, or by what Mr. Lilly styles "the unsurpassable crudity of their language, and the deplorable fecundity of their imagination." But, for all that, as the same writer insists, "Casuistry is an essential part of the science of morals, a necessary dialectic of conscience." He adds moreover—writing in 1894—"In my own very unjesuitical University of Cambridge there is still a professor of it."¹

For the Catholic clergy in particular such a study is more

¹ *The Claims of Christianity*, p. 172.

imperative than for any others, it being part of their duty to advise those who consult them on matters of conscience. It need here only be said that as Pascal was quite at one on this point with his opponents, recognizing no less than they this office of the priesthood, it was clearly not simply as casuists that he assailed them, but as *bad* casuists. It was, in fact, his theme that the Jesuits had in their self-conceit made up their mind that, for the good of the Church and of souls, as many persons as possible should submit to their spiritual direction; and for this end, to attract the largest following, they set themselves to suit all tastes, having a severe code of moral theology for the high-principled and austere, and another debased and relaxed to suit such as found the law of God too hard. It is against this last system that his attack is directed, and if we would form an opinion of its character, we need but open his volume and take instances as they come.

It is in his Fifth Letter that he enters upon the topic of Jesuit casuistry, being previously occupied with the Sorbonne and the doctrine of Grace. Having introduced to his readers the "honest Jesuit casuist"¹ before mentioned as so useful to him, he first falls into a parley with this person concerning the law of fasting—being grievously shocked at the laxity with which he finds this to be interpreted. The Jesuit trots out the unhappy Escobar as an authority, a writer of whom Pascal is particularly fond, and the following dialogue ensues.

Tell me, I pray—continued he—do you drink much wine?—No, Father, said I, my constitution will not bear it.—This I said, replied he, purposely to give you notice, that you might drink of it in the morning, and at any other time of the day, without breaking your fast; and you know that it nourishes somewhat. Take the question decided [by Escobar], "May a man drink wine at any time when he pleases, and that in considerable quantities, without breaking his fast? He may. Nay if he please, Hypocras."—I had forgot that same Hypocras, said he, I must needs put it into my catalogue.—'Twas an honest fellow, and a good fellow, this Escobar, said I.—All the world's in love with him, replied the Father; he starts such pleasant questions.

This, no doubt is highly diverting. Who would not gather from it that Escobar holds a brief for toppers, and, despite all

¹ It is of course impossible to do justice in a translation to the style of the original, but as the next best thing to this I shall follow the old English version of 1658 (*The Mystery of Jesuitisme, &c.*), of which some have conjectured Evelyn, the Diarist, to be the author, and to the fidelity of which M. Faugère bears emphatic testimony.

rules of fasting, permits a man to fuddle himself all day long with sack and cordials, being therefore voted an honest fellow and a good fellow by the devotees of Bacchus? But when we turn to his own pages, things look a little different. It is thus that he treats the point, in his usual method, by question and answer.

Q. You have said that drinking does not break one's fast. May wine be taken, even in a large quantity, as often as one likes?

A. Yes: *but excess may violate temperance, though not the laws of fasting.* Thus whatever is a drink does not violate one's fast. And that wine which amongst us is called Clairee or Hypocras is a drink.

That is to say, as regards drink, a man is in just the same position on a fast-day as on any other. If he take too much, he sins by intemperance, but he does not violate the ecclesiastical law of fasting, which is expressly restricted to solid food. Escobar, like an honest casuist, keeps to one point at a time and, being at the moment concerned with fasting, says that this is not broken by what, though it may be sinful on another count, is specifically declared not to affect this particular law.

It is far more difficult to understand how Pascal can have supposed that he was giving a correct account of Escobar's teaching, when he omitted the words italicized in our citation, which plainly specify the point upon which everything turns. Is it altogether easy to suppose that the omission was an unfortunate slip, the kind of slip which a man so acute as he does not usually make? Such a supposition becomes even less easy to make, when we find that the same kind of thing always happens, the words of the casuist who is attacked being invariably shorn in similar fashion of some clause essential to their right understanding. Thus, in the same letter, and concerning the same topic of fasting, we find this:

The good Father was almost out of himself to see me so pleased; and continuing—Observe, says he, this touch of Filiutius—"He that hath over-wearied himself about anything, as for instance in prosecuting an amour, is he obliged to fast or no?—By no means.—But suppose he hath so over-wearied himself out of set purpose to be dispensed withal from fasting, shall he nevertheless be excused?—Though what he did were merely with that formal design, yet shall he not be obliged to fast." Well could you have believed so much, said he. In truth, Father, said I, I am not yet fully convinced of it. For, is it not a sin

not to fast when a man may do it? Or is it lawful to hunt out the occasions of sinning? Or is not a man rather obliged to eschew them? This certainly were a great convenience.

Things are undoubtedly thus made to look pretty bad for Filiutius. But before we pass final judgment upon him modern criticism bids us inquire what he himself says. Here it is.¹

You will ask secondly whether he who toils for a bad purpose, as to kill somebody, or prosecute an amour, or the like, would be bound to fast. I answer *that such a one would sin by such evil purpose*, but extreme fatigue (*defatigatio*) having resulted, he would not be bound to fast. Unless indeed, according to some, he had so acted in order to elude the law (*in fraudem legis*). But the opinion of others is preferable, *that the constituting of the cause is indeed culpable*, but, the cause being constituted, the party is exempted from fasting.

This is unquestionably something quite different from what we were given to understand. Here again the casuist keeps to the point in hand. It is the law of the Church, as of common-sense, that if a man be so fatigued as to make fasting injurious to health, he is not bound to fast. Should the fatigue have been criminally or fraudulently occasioned, the person is responsible, as in any other circumstances, for what he has done wrong, but this does not alter the fact of his fatigue, or make him more capable of doing without food. In much the same way a man who chops off his trigger-finger, or his hand, to escape military service, may be punished for his self-mutilation, but will remain unfit to be a soldier. Did Pascal fail to perceive this obvious distinction? And did he really think that the words he left out were of no importance? Had he inserted them he could hardly have expressed so much indignation on the score that the casuist made it lawful to hunt out the occasions of sinning.

This same matter, of the occasions of sin, will furnish another example. The question often occurs, How far, or under what circumstances, is a man allowed voluntarily to expose himself to conditions which he knows to be extremely dangerous for him, and under which he is liable to fall. May one, for example, who has a passion for drink, accept a situation in a liquor-saloon where he has constant opportunities for its indulgence? Is he bound to refuse such employment, even though

¹ *Tract.* xxvii. p. ii. c. vi. n. 123.

the alternative be starvation? Passing on to this question, the conversation last reported thus continues:

If—replied the Father—a man should find any inconvenience in avoiding those occasions, were he in your opinion obliged to avoid them? Father Bauny holds the negative.—They, says he, ought not to be denied absolution who remain in the very next occasion of sinning, if they are in such a condition that they cannot quit this without giving the world occasion to talk of them, or running into some inconvenience thereby.—You tell me very good news, Father, said I; there's no more now to be said, but that a man may make it his business to seek out those occasions; since it is lawful for him not to avoid them.

But, here again, Pascal has forgotten to tell us all that is said in the passage quoted. Bauny, who was another of his pet aversions, writes thus:¹

I say in the third place that a man may receive absolution who is in immediate occasion of sin, *provided he have sorrow for his past sins, and a firm purpose of not sinning again, and if he have at the same time a sufficient reason for not forsaking the said occasion.*

In other words, no man may lawfully expose himself for any consideration to an occasion of sin in which it is morally certain that he will fall, accepting his fall as a matter of course. But, if his sorrow for the past and determination for the future be such as to afford good grounds for hoping that, strong as the temptation will be, he is capable of resisting it, and if moreover there be powerful and valid reasons on the other side,—as the loss in fortune or credit he would sustain by withdrawing from or refusing an employment,—he cannot be treated as unrepentant and refused absolution should he make up his mind to accept it. This is the plain sense of the words of Bauny, and it certainly does not seem to follow that he is to be condemned because as given by Pascal they bear an altogether different complexion.

It is not my present object to examine in detail the charges brought in the *Provincial Letters* against the casuists, but to take a few samples as they come and see how the invincible blade does its work. One more may be added, taken from the Sixth Letter, both as showing how necessary it is to understand what a theologian is really speaking about, and because this particular instance is still a favourite with unscrupulous controversialists.

¹ *Theol. Mor. Tract. iv. de Penitentia, q. xiv.*

A special charge brought by Pascal, is that the Jesuits supersede the decisions of Popes, Councils, and the Gospel itself, in favour of those of their own authorities, and in proof of it he specifies this example. By Papal law a "fugitive" or "apostate" religious, that is to say, one who after profession throws off his habit and quits his Order, incurs excommunication, *ipso facto*. The Popes—says our communicative Jesuit friend—have excommunicated religious who quit their habit, but what say *our* great Doctors? *They* lay down various cases in which excommunication is not thus incurred; amongst others, if a religious puts off his habit to avoid detection when committing a larceny or other shameful offence. On hearing this, Pascal naturally falls, according to his wont, into a transport of indignation and incredulity, but is bidden to think what a scandal it would be were the religious habit to be openly compromised in such a case, so that, if rightly regarded, it is even rather meritorious to preclude such a peril by laying it aside; and we are left to understand that on the ground of his commendable prudence the peccant religious is acquitted of guilt, alike for divesting himself of the habit, and for what he does when so divested.

But, if we look up the authors cited (our old friend Escobar,¹ and more especially Diana,² who, by the way, was not a Jesuit but a Theatine), we find that the whole question is as to what manner of putting off the habit constitutes "apostasy" within the terms of the law, and so incurs *excommunication*. Our two casuists come to the conclusion, which would seem tolerably obvious, that a religious who lays it aside for the moment, with the intention of straightway resuming it, does not therefore renounce it altogether so as to become an "apostate," and accordingly does not incur the particular penalty levelled against such. His action may be, and probably is, illegitimate, it may even be for a purpose that is grievously sinful. That is another question, to be treated separately on its own merits. Our present point is concerned not with sin but with *excommunication*. Here, once again, the doctrine that excites Pascal's wrath is of his own creation.³

¹ *Theol. Mor.* Tract. vi. Exam. vii.

² *Resolutiones Morales*, Pars 3, Tract. ii.

³ How a calumny such as this can germinate, is shown by the form in which it has recently been presented to the readers of the *Citizen* (Boston, U.S.A.), in an article entitled "What Jesuits Teach," contributed by the "Rev. J. H. Hitchins, D.D., of England." This begins with the assurance—"Fearfully lax, loathsome,

And now, to come back to the question already asked: Had it been a Jesuit who perpetrated such specimens of controversy, what *would* our critics say? Would they think it necessary to go farther for shocking examples of casuistry and something worse? Would it be an invincible blade or a poisoned dagger that such a combatant was said to employ?

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and lamentable are the doctrines taught by Jesuit leaders, as published in their own books. A glance at some of them will explain many of their dark deeds of the past, and account for much of which we read or hear at the present." Presently it goes on: "The doctrine of 'Occasional Indulgence' may be mentioned next. By this it is provided that a member of the 'Society of Jesus,' if he wholly divest himself of his religious dress for a short time, may, during that time, associate with the worst characters for the most impure practices, without being guilty of heinous sin, or incurring the penalty of excommunication."

Thus is history made.

The Oldest Russian Monastery.

LESS than two miles from the ancient city of Kiev, now one of the largest and most flourishing towns in Little Russia, there may be seen the grass-grown earthworks of the fortress of Petchersk, which was founded by Peter the Great to protect the Ukraine against the invasion of the Turks. The fortress is no doubt of value now-a-days, for Kiev is a place of considerable strategic importance, but it is chiefly interesting to the ordinary traveller because it contains within its circumference the Lavra, the oldest and wealthiest of Russian monasteries. Many a league away there may be seen the gilded cupola of its aerial bell-tower, the domes of its churches, and the green roofs of its houses, for the Lavra is not so much a monastery as a little town. There live several hundred monks, and thither go in the course of the year, but especially in summer, thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the vast Russian Empire. If there is a road in that Empire that is known by name at least to nearly every member of it, it is the long straight road that leads across the cliffs by the Dnieper to the monastery; if there is a place that is dear to every pious son of Orthodoxy, it is the Church of the Assumption with its miraculous icon of the Assumption of the Mother of God.¹

All along the road are mansions and shady gardens, varied only by the churches which follow one another as if in a crescendo scale, till the greatest of them all is reached. About a mile from the monastery wooden stalls begin, and here good-natured-looking Russian girls sell to the visitors cheap icons, Testaments, wooden crosses, and large white towels, on which there have been worked rude figures of animals, or sledges drawn by high-stepping horses, or peasants in picturesque costumes. There would also seem to be a demand for pamphlets relating to the Lavra and the good men who have

¹ The usual appellation in Russia of the B.V.M.

been connected with it, and for chromo-lithographs of Russian monasteries and of scenes in the Holy Land. For the Russian peasant is at heart a nomad, and nothing pleases him so much as to tramp day after day to some far-distant goal. He may be seen on the shores of the White Sea, or within the walls of Jerusalem, and pilgrims have even been known to come all the way from Kamschatka to pay a visit to the shrines at Kiev.

But our droshky stops before the Gate of the Saints, the principal entrance to the monastery, and we must perforce get out. In front of us is a vaulted passage, surmounted by a church with a gilded cupola and whitewashed walls, gay with the frescoes of venerable men with long white beard and gilded nimbus that flashes in the summer sunshine. There they stand with book or brush in hand, backed by a snowy landscape or the Dnieper with its blue waters and isles of green—all this laid on with a broad brush and conventional, but pleasing in its general effect. Within the porch is a picture of St. Nicholas of Tchernigow, who once laid down crown and sceptre that he might become a porter at the gate of the monastery; and to-day his unworthy successor, seated at the further end of the tunnel, sprinkles the pilgrims with holy water and talks to them affably, as they enter the sacred precincts hat in hand. Thence they proceed in groups of five or six down a shady avenue, flanked with two rows of one-storeyed cells, which the monks inhabit, until they reach a square in the centre of which there stands one of the most famous churches in Russia. It too has white walls, adorned with frescoes and sun-discs that flash upon the battlements, and on the roof there nestle, like birds in a nest, seven cupolas of beaten gold, above which there towers a forest of fantastic crosses. In the porch are seated pilgrims, and no sooner has the door of the sacred building closed upon us than in the gloom we stumble over the prostrate forms of worshippers who are praying before the holy icon that gives to the Church of the Assumption such extraordinary sanctity. It is placed high aloft above "the royal door" of the glittering screen, which in the Greek church separates the nave from the sanctuary, and depicts the death of the Virgin, who lies upon a couch, while her Son standing near holds in His arms a babe, which is intended to represent the soul. The icon was given, so runs the story, by the Virgin herself in the eleventh century to the Greek artists, when they were assembled in the Blacherne

Monastery, prior to their setting out from Byzantium to Kiev: and whether this be true or not, the history of the icon, certainly borders on the miraculous. For though the monastery has often been plundered by the infidel, it has never been carried away in spite of the precious stones that sparkle on it, and once, when the Church of the Assumption was almost destroyed by fire, it was found afterwards, blackened indeed but intact, beneath the ruins.

We did not remain long inside the church, where it was next to impossible to pick one's way among the prostrate worshippers, who, for the most part clothed in rags, communicated to the stifling atmosphere an odour that was sadly suggestive of uncleanness and poverty. Yet what a contrast, obvious to the least observant, between the magnificence of the interior of the edifice and the dire want of the crowded congregation. On the one hand archaic icons of the saints ablaze with jewels, lamps of costliest workmanship, gilded shrines, and walls lavishly adorned with paintings; on the other, beggars stricken down with every form of infirmity, wearied, footsore, ill-clad, depending on the charity of the monastery for food and shelter during their three days' stay at Kiev. Those who talk of the poverty of Russia forget perhaps the enormous amount of fixed capital stored up in her monasteries, and several of her monarchs in need of money have laid their sacrilegious hands upon it.

From the church we proceeded to the catacombs, which are probably the most interesting catacombs in Europe after those of Rome. They are excavated in the side of two hills that overlook the Dnieper, and are intimately connected with the origin of the monastery itself. For it is said that in the middle of the eleventh century a wandering monk named Antony hollowed out for himself a cavern at this spot, in order that he might spend his time in prayer and meditation. The sanctity of this good man and perhaps his curious mode of life attracted people to the place, and so there was gradually formed a community of monks, living underground in tiny cells and practising the rites of their Church underground. In time the monks, emerging from the catacombs, built a church and cells outside, but the catacombs continued to exist and were even tenanted, and as a number of legends grew up with regard to them, men began to visit them. "The gloom of those catacombs," says a Russian poet, "is dearer to the peasant than

the palace of a Czar," and many of the poor pilgrims have attained the height of their worldly ambition, if they have venerated the remains of the saints who repose there, and have received Communion in one of the subterranean chapels, which are so small that during a service the tapers have been known to go out for want of oxygen. The catacombs are reached by an aerial wooden corridor that spans a ravine, which is used by the monks as a kitchen-garden and an orchard; the entrance-door is in a little room where a long-haired monk, seated at a counter, sells candles to the visitors. We light our candles, the door is thrown open, and under the guidance of a monk we penetrate into a narrow passage cut in the rock. On a sudden the party halts; on one side there is a niche which contains an open coffin, and in it, covered up with drapery, the "uncorrupted," albeit shrivelled forms of one of the saintly hermits of Petchersk. We say "uncorrupted," because it is believed by the vast majority of Orthodox Russians that the bodies in these catacombs have escaped the usual process of decay, and this is possible owing to the extreme dryness of the air and the known fact that the emaciated forms of ascetics resist corruption after death better than the bodies of those who have been pampered in life. In Russia, however, it is believed that the remains of the saints are preserved miraculously, and that there is Divine proof for this in the text, "Thou shalt not suffer Thy holy one to see corruption." But as a matter of fact the corpses are so carefully wrapt up that it is impossible to discover by personal inspection whether the flesh is well preserved or not.

There are seventy or eighty of these saints, and over each of them there burns a lamp. The monk calls out the name, the peasants kiss the drapery with effusion, and having deposited a copper coin or two in the alms-box, which is at the head of the coffin, pass on to the following niche. Strange are the stories that are told about these saints. One of them was a Bishop of Smolensk, who had expressed a wish to be buried at Petchersk, and as the distance was great and the difficulty of travelling in those days considerable, his dead body was laid on the Dnieper, down which it floated to the catacombs, where it was duly interred. A little further on are two brothers, whose love for one another was so wonderful in life, that they arranged to lie side by side after death. One expired while the other was absent; the survivor shortly after his return was taken ill,

and finding himself dying, sought out the place where his brother lay and bade him make room, whereupon the corpse shifted to one side. Here, too, lies Ilia of Mourom, one of the most famous heroes of the legendary epoch of Russian history, who travelled about on a steed that went a verst (1,000 yards) at each step, and whose mission it was to uproot forests, punish brigands, and avenge the weak. The monk also stopped us before the coffin of Nestor, the Bede of Russian history, who spent all his life at the monastery of Petchersk. Finally, most gruesome spectacle of all, we saw in the dim light the form of a man wearing a mitre and interred up to the waist. It is said that he dug a hole for himself and remained half-buried in it for thirty years, and that at last he was made a Bishop. Such fanaticism as this is scarcely European; it recalls rather the self-torturing methods of the fakirs of Hindoostan.

But it was not long before we had had enough of the gloom of these subterranean corridors with their memories of death. How pleasant to escape from them, and once again beneath the trees to breathe the fresh air on the side of the hill on which the Lavra is built. Far below us floated the waters of the Dnieper, "the road to Greece," whence Russia in early times obtained her religion and her art; to-day it was furrowed with white steamers, stately as swans, or dotted with timber rafts, floating slowly down from the forests to the north of Kiev, with a flag above the cabin if the proprietor were a Jew, and a cross if he happened to be a Christian. On the other bank were gaily-painted dachas or the humble hatas of the Little Russian peasant, with their heavy roofs of thatch, and behind the village was the illimitable plain. At intervals pilgrims passed us, the men wearing sheepskins in spite of the heat, the women for the most part clothed in skirts of the brightest red, heavy boots, and parti-coloured turbans; all carried sticks, and many of them had a kettle attached to the waist. Some of them preferred carrying their boots to wearing them, but however tired they might be their faces all wore the same look of patient resignation; not once during the many hours that we remained in the Lavra did we see a quarrel or hear an angry word. And whenever we stepped into one of the thirty churches that belong to the monastery the sight was always the same—the long-haired priests in gorgeous vestments officiating before the gilded iconostasis and the peasants standing row behind row in

perpetual motion, for never for one moment did they cease to bow themselves, to cross themselves, or kneeling to touch the pavement with their foreheads.

But lo! a crowd standing by a door: we approached and peered through the window. Inside a large, low room were tables ranged in line, and at these the pilgrims were seated so closely, that their backs touched one another. Before each one of them was laid a wooden spoon. It would be difficult to imagine anything lower in the scale of humanity than the men who waited on them, and brought them first a good slice of black bread, and then a large earthenware bowl of soup, out of which eight pilgrims at a time fed themselves, taking the soup up with their spoons. Very little ceremony was used apparently, and a recalcitrant person, who sat down in a forbidden place, was carried away bodily by one of the Brothers with great rapidity. But it was impossible not to be struck with the good-humour and perfect contentment of the crowd. A little further on was a grassy plot, shaded by chestnut-trees, and hard by the great church of the monastery: here lay the pilgrims fast asleep in the most inelegant attitudes imaginable. And in and out among them went the monks in brimless bonnet and black, flowing robes—pale-faced, portly men for the most part, of fine presence, with long beards and the hair fluctuating in great masses over their broad shoulders.

As the Lavra of Petchersk is the oldest and most famous monastery in Russia, so it yields to none in wealth. The number of pilgrims who visit it every year is enormous, and so numerous are the offerings that they make, that in the catacombs alone monks are busy all day long in collecting and counting the copper coins left behind. In addition to this the monastery derives money from its printing-press, which scatters books of devotion and Lives of the Russian Saints through all the Slav countries in Europe. The sale of candles also is immense, for every pilgrim takes at least one home with him, and in the workshops thousands of icons or images of saints are turned out annually, some of them cheap enough, no doubt, but others of rare beauty and exquisite workmanship. On the great feast-days the services of the Church are celebrated with peculiar rites and unequalled magnificence; hospitality is offered free to pilgrims, and in the bitter cold of winter hundreds of beggars find food and warmth within the walls. Indeed it is within the precincts of a Russian monastery that a traveller

from the West realizes most vividly that the Middle Ages are not dead; and that is the same as saying that in the scenes that pass daily within its walls there is much that the enthusiast for progress may regret, but much, on the other hand, that is touching in its simplicity, and much that is picturesque.

T. P. ARMSTRONG.

The Catholic Guardians' Conference.

TWO recent independent inquiries made from different points of view into the religious condition of the people of London have brought out very clearly the fact that, compared with other religious bodies, Catholics have an undue proportion of the poorer classes amongst their adherents. This means that the Catholic Church succeeds in reaching the poor, where other religious organizations fail to do so. Those who followed the figures published by the *Daily News* in its recent Religious Census of the metropolis must have noticed the large attendances secured by our churches in the poorer districts contrasted with those at the places of worship of other denominations. Some of those who have discussed the results of the census have called attention to this fact. The well-known author of *From the Abyss*, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, writes for example, "In South London the poor (except the Roman Catholic poor) do not attend service on Sunday, though there are a few churches and missions which gather some, and forlorn groups can be collected by a liberal granting of relief." Similarly the eminent statistician, Mr. Charles Booth, in his monumental work on *Religious Influences* in dealing with one of the poorest sections of East London, writes: "The ministrations of these (Catholic) churches touch the poorest, and to give freely in charity is the rule of their religion, yet it is these poor people whose contributions support the church."

The poverty of so many Catholics in London—and it may be presumed that a similar fact holds in all the larger centres of population in this country—naturally causes an undue proportion of our co-religionists to be found in all Poor Law institutions within the metropolitan area. This explains the necessity for a good staff of regular Catholic visitors to all workhouses and infirmaries and similar institutions, and the vital importance of securing Catholic representatives upon the various Boards of Guardians of the Poor, to safeguard the spiritual interests of the Catholic inmates, and to keep a particularly watchful eye upon little helpless Catholic children, bereft of or deserted by

parents and relations, and by mistake or otherwise exposed to the danger of losing their Faith. Catholic Guardians in different parts of the country have so many common interests, meet so frequently with difficulties similar in character, and repeatedly find it necessary to be able to quote precedents and to point to actions under certain stated circumstances by Boards in different districts, that it is imperative from a Catholic point of view that there should be inter-communication amongst Catholic Guardians throughout the country.

The existence of the Catholic Guardians' Association, which is now one of the recognized Catholic organizations in England and Wales, can be traced to a development of social work which followed very closely the lines indicated in the preceding paragraph. Like so many Catholic works, it began within the diocese of Southwark, under the shadow of St. George's Cathedral. Its foundation was due originally to a local branch of the Catholic Truth Society which was established in that district, primarily with the object of distributing and circulating the former's useful publications. This gradually led to the organization of a staff of Catholic visitors for the local work-houses and infirmaries, the Catholic Truth Society publications forming the main portion of the literature distributed to the Catholic inmates. The late Bishop Butt, being struck with the success of these efforts, encouraged the formation of a Workhouse Association for dealing with all the Poor Law institutions throughout his diocese in a like manner. The new association naturally came into immediate contact with the Catholic members of the Boards of Guardians in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, and the beneficial results of frequent inter-communication amongst them, suggested the formation of a combination of Catholic Guardians throughout the whole country. The proposed organization received the warmest approval and support from the late Bishop Butt's successor, the present Archbishop of Westminster, and with his sanction a Conference of Catholic Guardians held in 1896 at Bishop's House, Southwark, led to the formation of the Catholic Guardians' Association.

It would be impossible here to discuss the many sections of the useful work accomplished by this Association. It has already been ably dealt with in a paper by Mrs. V. M. Crawford, in a former issue of *THE MONTH*. On all sides, however, it will be admitted that one of the most serviceable benefits

which it has conferred upon its members has been the Annual Conference which has been held since 1896, excepting in the year 1902, when a deputation of Catholic Guardians visited Canada. The bringing together of Catholic Guardians from different parts of the country to discuss topics of general interest to all has not only greatly benefited the Guardians themselves, but it has been the means of creating considerable interest both amongst Catholics and the public generally in the great work of social service amongst the poor and outcast, with which Boards of Guardians are entrusted.

The recent Conference of Catholic Guardians, held on July 5, at Archbishop's House, Westminster, will serve to illustrate the great value of these annual gatherings both from a Catholic and from a general point of view. In all about forty Guardians took part in the proceedings. This number, it may be contended, is not as satisfactory as it should be. But when the difficulties of securing a suitably central place for the Conference is taken into account, together with the still greater difficulty of fixing a date for the meeting, in view of the many demands which Guardians' work makes upon the leisure time of those who undertake it, the Catholic Guardians' Association may be congratulated upon having obtained representatives from places as far apart as Leicester and Chichester, Whitehaven and Brighton, Leamington and Ramsgate. By this it must not be thought that the writer does not consider it desirable that there should be a larger attendance. On the contrary, it must be obvious to all, that the greater the number of Catholic Guardians present at the Annual Conferences, the more valuable will be the influence of the Association and the more weighty will be the result of its deliberations. The value of a strong combination of Guardians to which an individual Guardian can refer in cases of difficulty, and upon the support of which he can rely in matters of public interest, cannot be overestimated. An example of this was given by a member of a country Board of Guardians at the recent Conference. In connection with the appointment of an official in one of their institutions, the Guardians proposed to ask all applicants to state their religion. To this course a Catholic member of the Board strongly objected. Upon his colleagues persisting in their intention, he warned them that he would bring the matter before the notice of the Catholic Guardians' Association, of which he was a member, whereat the Board at once decided

to delete the objectionable question—a tribute surely to the reputation for prompt and firm action which the Association has already gained for itself. Strangely enough a Catholic eventually secured the position which the Board of Guardians in question wished to fill.

Before proceeding to consider the papers read at the Conference, it will be well to emphasize one necessary qualification for a Catholic Guardian, which was repeatedly referred to by different Guardians during the course of the discussions. Any Catholic who intends to become a Guardian of the Poor must be prepared to take not only a fair, but a generous share in the ordinary work of the Board. Unless he is ready to do this he had much better refrain from becoming a Guardian. A Catholic who only attends the Board meetings or the Committee meetings when a Catholic case is under consideration, and who is always conspicuous by his absence when the laborious routine work of the Board has to be done, is looked upon as a nuisance by his colleagues, and is generally, and not unreasonably, outvoted by them when he has any special point to bring forward. If a Catholic member takes a full share in the work of the Board, if he is regular and punctual in attendance at Board and Committee meetings, if he endeavours to assist his colleagues in every way in their efforts, the result will be that they will soon have confidence in him, and that he will not find any difficulty in gaining their support for any reasonable request he has to make. That the Guardians appreciate the work of their Catholic colleagues can be noted from the fact that at the present time in London, the chairmen or vice-chairmen of three of the more important Boards are Catholics, two of them being priests.

A notable paper was read at the morning session of the Conference on "The Need for a Great Poor Law Reform." This was written by a Guardian of forty years' experience whose name for obvious reasons did not transpire. It will serve as a practical example of how a union of Catholic Guardians can influence the public generally, besides their own immediate co-religionists; for three of the more important non-Catholic periodicals which deal with the administration of the Poor Law have devoted considerable attention to this paper, one of them discussing it in its leading article. It would seem indeed to be within the range of possibility to find the Catholic Guardians of the country leading the way in a much-needed movement

for Poor Law Reform. Whether this will happen or not, it is a curious commentary upon the lack of enterprise of some of our Catholic newspapers to find that where non-Catholic journals even went to the length of printing *in extenso* a paper read at a Catholic Conference, some of the Catholic papers practically passed it by unnoticed.

To begin with, the writer of the paper under consideration pleads for an association of workhouse visitors, whose business it will be not to administer aid, but to study and inquire in all directions as to the reasons for the failure of the present system of poor relief. He insists that our present method of administering the Poor Law is a failure, from the fact that despite the lavish expenditure of public bodies, the number of voluntary institutions dealing with the poor is actually much greater than those under the Poor Law. Although the rates are at present so high, the tendency too is to increase rather than diminish expenditure. The growth of the charges in this respect he ascribes to the complete change of face which has taken place in our workhouse methods. From an admittedly deterrent system, with its "Bumble and skilly," we have gradually made our workhouses the comfortable and happy homes of the good, bad, and indifferent.

The lavish cost of our system of to-day he attributes mainly to two causes, "the affected faddist," and "the medical management, which is never economic." In order to emphasize these points he has some sharp criticisms to pass upon the present costly system of training infirmary nurses, and quotes some really startling figures as to the average cost of housing and maintaining the inmates of one workhouse and infirmary in London. It appears that in the workhouse in question each pauper occupies no less than £340 worth of house room, or that a family of six paupers have accommodation worth more than £2,000! In this same institution the average cost of maintenance is as much as £40 per head each year! In the infirmary corresponding with the workhouse, each individual has a house worth £400, and an expenditure for maintenance and attendance worth £106 a year!

To remedy the alarming and ultra-expensive defects of the present system, the Catholic Guardian responsible for the paper suggests two drastic changes, the abolition of workhouses, and the general substitution of outdoor relief, "the much maligned out-door relief," for the present form of assist-

ance. The infirm and partially infirm he would board out in country villages near the towns, the sick he would deal with in the infirmaries, the able-bodied out of work he would assist with sufficient out-relief, provided of course that they have been judged deserving. In the case of the criminal or the quasi-criminal population, the writer points out that frequently timely relief would prevent a poor person from becoming a criminal, for as he argues, "there are few hungry men who would steal for the sake of stealing, if they had a stomach full." The loafing blackguard he would help in order to prevent him becoming a thief, the drunkard he would assist only in kind, whilst the perennial criminal he suggests might be sent to work the mines in Rhodesia.

It has only been possible in this *résumé* to glance, as it were, at the main points of this important paper, which it is hoped the Catholic Guardians' Association will have printed as a pamphlet in due course. As was anticipated, it led to considerable discussion, several speakers, to the surprise of some of those present, taking a strong line against it. Most of those however who took part in the debate confined themselves rather to side issues than to the main principles raised by the writer. Nobody present, for example, faced the question of the formidable and ever-increasing expenditure of our Poor Law, or disputed the fact that the average cost of housing and maintaining the ordinary pauper was practically more than that of a fairly well-to-do professional man—obviously a state of affairs which should not be. Many of the speakers, too, condemned as impracticable the project of boarding-out the poor people in the country near the towns, on the score that the paupers would not go, quite forgetting the fact that many of the London Boards of Guardians are already transferring their workhouses and infirmaries into the suburbs, miles away from the districts in which the inmates formerly lived, and the poor people have to go willy-nilly. In the case of infirmaries, this is a greater hardship than in that of workhouses, for it is the sick who require the visits of their friends most. The Marylebone Board of Guardians, for example, have an infirmary at Wormwood Scrubbs. The Strand and Westminster Unions have their infirmary at Hendon, and the former their workhouse at Edmonton.

The writer of the paper, too, was somewhat unfairly criticized with regard to the question of nursing. He did not condemn proper nursing. What he did attack was the present system

of training nurses in infirmaries at the public expense, and allowing them immediately they are qualified to transfer their services to private nursing establishments. The writer of the paper, we believe, is not the only person concerned with Poor Law institutions who has expressed similar views on the subject. By all means let the nursing in our infirmaries be as skilled as possible, but the question which was raised by the paper was whether it is not possible to obtain equally efficient work at a much smaller and more reasonable expense, and whether there is not too great a tendency now-a-days to increase the pay and reduce the work.

There were so many points of importance raised in the paper that it would be very difficult for any one who has experience of dealing with the poor to express a complete approval or disapproval of them without considerable reflection. If the writer of this article may presume to discuss the matter, it seems to him that it is not altogether best to express a decided opinion in general terms upon any given system of relief. The author of the paper would abolish all workhouses, whereas one or two of the Guardians present appeared to be in favour of doing away with all outdoor relief. Both these views are open to criticism, in that they appear to be founded on what many consider to be the great mistake of several of our modern forms of social service. The great idea at the present time seems to be to aim at securing "dead" uniformity in all our efforts. There are those who would like to centralize the whole of our poor relief in the metropolis, and to have everything worked out upon some clearly defined scientific basis. This in the opinion of the writer of this article would not prove successful. Each human being has his own individuality, which means that each person who needs relief requires individual treatment. There are some poor people for whom indoor relief would be the greatest mistake, there are others for whom outdoor relief would be fatal. What is wanted is a happy combination of each, which will never be brought about until what may be termed the spirit of officialdom has disappeared. The first necessary step in this direction would be an order by the Local Government Board, that nobody who has been brought up in a workhouse school or institution, or who has lived for many years within one as an official, should be allowed to fill any of the more responsible posts in a workhouse or an infirmary. Some of the best workhouses in the metropolis are those where the Boards of Guardians have taken

the particularly praiseworthy line of appointing as their masters and matrons, men and women who have never been in contact with workhouse-life before. It is the Church's view of dealing with the poor that is wanted, and anybody who pays a visit to the ordinary public institution staffed by the ordinary public officials, and afterwards inspects a similar institution staffed by Religious, will easily appreciate the difference.

There is another defect in dealing with the poor which certainly wants remedying, and which may be mentioned here because even the best of people, even some excellent Guardians, are apt at times to fall into it. There are those who quite unconsciously expect a very high standard of virtue in every person who happens to be poor and destitute. The latter must be eminently truthful, temperate, clean, persevering, circumspect, uncomplaining, ungrudging in labour, and most grateful for the smallest assistance. He must not show the least distaste for any form of work that is given him, but must adapt himself to anything that turns up. If he makes the smallest slip, if he fails to come up to the high standard that is expected of him, he is at once condemned as not being willing to work. It comes to this, that people deal with themselves and with their prosperous friends upon a very different standard from that expected from the destitute and the ne'er-do-well. A concrete example will best explain what is meant. During the past winter a certain number of destitute men were employed upon distributing circulars from door to door at the rate of half-a-crown a day, from 8.30 in the morning till 6 at night. After working for three days, an overseer found one of the men having some drink and smoking in a public-house. Of course the man was immediately discharged. Everybody will admit that he deserved to lose his work, but the man urged that he only spent a few moments away from his labour. It must, too, occur to us all that the ranks of the unemployed would be seriously increased in the metropolis, if anybody who has work to do, was at once discharged on any particular day for having turned aside for a few moments for refreshment in the way of drink or smoke. That is the point to be remembered. There are too many who are apt to deal with the poor from a much higher standard than is expected from the average prosperous individual, whereas, on the contrary, they should be prepared to make every allowance for those whose minds and bodies are weakened by suffering and privation, and even in some cases by deliberate sin.

The second paper read at the Conference emphasized very clearly two very important facts, the need for a Catholic member on every Board of Guardians, and the necessity for the Catholic Guardians' Association. As the writer, Mr. J. Harrison, of Leicester, well puts it, a new Catholic member, who has no co-religionist on the Board, finds the difficulty of discovering what a Catholic should do far from easy. It is to be hoped that all will deal with the matter in as commendable and tactful a manner as the member for Leicester. His first knowledge of the legal rights of the Catholic poor he learnt from the excellent pamphlet on that subject published by the Catholic Truth Society. He soon discovered an ample field for applying his newly-acquired knowledge. The Catholic inmates of the workhouse he found without Catholic literature. They were allowed to go out for Mass on Sunday, though only ten out of fifty availed themselves of the privilege, some being too old, some too infirm. No Catholic Service was held in the house, although provision was made both for Church of England and Dissenting Services. How is the Catholic Guardian to deal with such a position? If he applies to the Catholic Guardians' Association, he will at once be supplied with all particulars of workhouses whose Guardians allow Catholic Services within their walls; he will obtain a list of Board of Guardians in England who pay for the assistance of a Catholic priest as instructor, and more convincing still he can secure a list of payments made in Catholic Ireland for Protestant chaplains in workhouses all over the country, in some of which at times there are no Protestant inmates at all.

Mr. Harrison also experienced some more serious difficulties. He found Catholic children, some of whom had been chargeable to his Board as long as ten years, who had not only not had any Catholic instruction, and had not only not been to any Catholic church for years, but who had actually been sent to Anglican and Dissenting places of worship. His Board declined to send them to Catholic certified schools, but after considerable hard work he perceived that the members were not averse to boarding them out in suitable Catholic homes. Moreover, it appeared as a result of his inquiries that some children who were entered as Roman Catholics upon their arrival at the workhouse had been by some mistake placed as members of the Church of England in the Cottage Homes. Furthermore Catholic children were being sent from the Homes to situations

where there was no opportunity of practising their religion. If these experiences can be found by a Catholic Guardian at Leicester, it may be wondered whether there are not other districts in the country where similar irregularities occur unchecked. Even with a Catholic Guardian on a Board, it is not always possible to stop the leakage amongst our Catholic poor. What must therefore be happening on Boards where there are no Catholic Guardians? In England and Wales there are no less than 660 Boards of Guardians, upon 244 of which, as far as the Catholic Guardians' Association knows, there are Catholic representatives. Here then is a great work for the Catholic body in those districts in which no Catholic member has as yet been elected.

As has already been indicated, if any justification were needed for the existence of the Catholic Guardians' Association, Mr. Harrison's paper has provided it. What can a Catholic Guardian with the majority of the Board against him hope to do by himself, even if he is a person of leisure, but especially if, as is frequently the case, he has to earn his own living, and simply does his social work in his spare time? How is he to find out the exact legal position of the many points which confront him at every turn? How can he expect to succeed in his appeals to the Local Government Board if he speaks simply from his own limited experience? It is in all these ways that the Catholic Guardians' Association can be of such service to the individual, especially to the new Catholic member standing alone upon a Board. If Mr. Harrison's paper, which deservedly met with such praise from his fellow-Guardians present at the Conference, succeeds in bringing home to the large number of Catholic Guardians throughout the country the great importance of taking an active share in the work of the Association, it will have done a greater work for the Church in this country than perhaps the writer hoped for.

A special feature of the Annual Conference of the Catholic Guardians has always been a visit on the second day to some typical institution connected with Poor Law work. This year the Association was especially fortunate in securing an invitation to the new Catholic Epileptic Home for Children, St. Elizabeth's School, at Much Hadham in Hertfordshire. It is significant of the interest taken by Catholics in all efforts for the poor and infirm, that a Catholic School should be the first to be certified under the Elementary Education (Defective and

Epileptic Children) Act of 1899 by the Board of Education. It is under the care of the Sisters known as the Daughters of the Cross, whose asylum at Unterrath, near Düsseldorf in Germany, has such a world-wide reputation. All the Sisters who are nurses at Much Hadham have been trained at this famous institution. The proper placing out of Catholic epileptic children has always been so insuperable a difficulty, that Catholic Guardians in every part of the country will be delighted to know of the opening of this school, to which not only the educational authorities but also Boards of Guardians are empowered to send children between the ages of seven and sixteen years. The charge per child is twelve shillings and sixpence per week. The buildings, which are entirely new, are erected on a site of fifty-four acres, on the most recent detached plan, with adequate equipment for their especial purpose, including school-rooms, dormitories, refectories, lavatories, work-rooms and the like. So far the Sisters have only fourteen children, but they have accommodation for sixty. They can also supply private rooms for special cases for those who are able to pay a higher fee. It is to be hoped therefore that their efforts to provide a properly equipped school, founded upon their unique experience in Germany, will be fittingly recognized by everybody interested in their all-important work. Certainly all those who had the privilege to visit Much Hadham with the Guardians' Conference will bear willing witness to the excellent arrangements of the Home, and the special provisions made by the Sisters for the difficult subjects to which they have devoted their lives.

The Catholic Guardians' Association has every reason to be satisfied with the success of its recent Conference, which should encourage its promoters, whose names are so well known to Catholics generally, to persevere in their efforts on behalf of our poor co-religionists who have the misfortune to come under the Poor Law, and should also inspire many more Catholic Guardians to take a more practical interest in its work. If there should be any unacquainted with the actual conditions of membership, a note to the Hon. Secretary, 8, Cavour Street, Penton Place, London, S.E., will secure all necessary information.

JOHN W. GILBERT.

Eugénie de Guérin.

AN APPRECIATION.

ALTHOUGH it is little more than half a century since Eugénie de Guérin penned the last words of her, at one time, well-known Journal, yet already an old-world fragrance is associated with her name and fame. Her gentle, poetic personality evokes memories and remembrances, akin to those which surround dainty and treasured relics of a past age. But the charm of this graceful, picturesque French writer still asserts itself to a modern, sympathetic reader of her Journal; her individuality is not only of great interest and very fascinating, but it is in close touch with the intellectual and spiritual needs of the day.

In his Preface to her Journal, M. Trébutien sums up in a few terse words Eugénie's chief characteristics. "Her secret," he says, "was to find poetry within herself, and God in all things." Eugénie's forty-three years of life were spent far from the roar and rush of busy cities. She was born in 1805, at her father's chateau of La Cayla, in Languedoc; and she died there in 1848. When Eugénie was thirteen years old she lost her mother, and from that time her youngest brother Maurice became the object of her unremitting solicitude and affection. A sister Marie and a brother Erembert were also her juniors, but the little, five-year-old Maurice—frail, beautiful, and extremely delicate—was a special legacy from the dying mother to the elder child.

The De Guérins were of noble but sadly impoverished family, and the style of living at La Cayla was simple in the extreme. The days, months, and years succeeded one another in almost unbroken quietude and tranquillity; the monotony only relieved from time to time by the observance of the great feasts of the Church, the arrival of a visitor, the present of a new book, or letters from distant friends and relatives. Maurice went to school at Toulouse when he was eleven; he finished his studies at the College Stanislaus in Paris; and then joined

the little Society of religious men and students grouped around the picturesque personality of the Abbé de Lamennais at La Chenaie in Brittany. Towards the close of the latter's meteoric career, and just before his fall, Maurice returned to Paris, emancipated himself from De Lamennais' theories, and also, for a time, from all religious influences. He embarked on a literary and journalistic career, which however was cut short, shortly after his marriage, by his death of consumption, at the early age of twenty-nine. He was reconciled to the Church some few months before the beginning of his last illness.

All through his short but varied life, Eugénie's thoughts were ever with this much-loved brother, and the Journal which she commenced writing in the year 1834, when she was twenty-nine years of age, was undertaken at Maurice's special wish. In it she sought with him the close communion of soul with soul, and her inmost thoughts are revealed and written down in the fifteen little sewn notebooks—twelve of which were published after her death by M. Trébutien. Three of them were lost, together with some of her letters.

No thought of publication had ever crossed Eugénie's mind in connection with either Journal or letters. One by one the fifteen closely-written books were despatched to the brother, who was as it were her second self. "We see things with the same eyes," she says to him, "what to you is beautiful is to me the same; God has given us twin-souls." Maurice and Eugénie possessed rare poetic gifts—both were endowed with the sensitive, impressionable, artistic temperament. The eulogies of the brother's literary powers were written by such eminent critics as George Sand and Sainte Beuve. Matthew Arnold devoted his pen to equally eloquent appreciations of the brother and the sister; and M. Sainte Beuve judged Eugénie's genius to be even superior to that of Maurice.

To the modern reader, used to the strenuous life of cities, or even to a dweller in the country, with the present easy means of locomotion, and the wealth of journalistic and literary facilities of gaining knowledge, the calm life of Eugénie in Languedoc might at first sight seem vapid and uninteresting. To many women the routine would have certainly been dull and colourless. But in being able to rise above her surroundings, and in her faculty of seeing everywhere beauty in them, lies Eugénie's genius and distinction. The most ordinary details of household life, the every-day aspects of nature, the

daily round of duty, the few occasional changes and pleasures, were made graceful and beautiful to her by the light of poetry and faith with which her mind was filled, and which threw a radiance over all the most insignificant events of the routine in which she dwelt.

She did not search for the uncommon and the transcendental. She may often have imagined to herself the Blue Flower of Idealism, but she was content with the wild blossoms which grew around and at her feet. Restlessness naturally she sometimes felt, and weariness of spirit engendered by her monotonous surroundings. She needs must have had at times the poet's usual longing to travel in search of the proverbial magic key, lying at the base of the rainbow arch; but whenever such moments seem to throw a mist over her spirit, she eventually emerges from them calm, smiling, resigned, and finds a world of poetry and inspiration in her prayers. "A little meditation," she says, "plunges me quickly into the depths of things, and I find nothingness in all if God is not there." As an antidote to the demon of ennui or discontent, she immediately searched for some remedial distraction—for she remarks, "Discontent rusts the soul"—and she compares it to the tiny worms to be found in the wood of old chairs and furniture: "Whose secret work turns their dwelling into dust."

Eugénie's life offers a strange contrast to much of the restlessness and discontent of the present day. For her the Land of the Ideal was always close at hand; the commonest object a mystery—great, unfathomable, wonderful; a little new-born lamb, a flight of rooks black against a pale evening sky, the delicate tracery of a bird's foot in the untrodden snow, the murmuring undertone of a flame in the fire, are to her occasions of delight and joy, and are recorded in exquisite language in the daily Journal.

Her mornings are often spent entirely in the kitchen, superintending the cook and the cooking; during the intervals she has a volume of Plato in her hand, into which she dips. Her father comes and sits in the ingle-nook to watch the culinary preparations, and she reads to him bits from the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*. She teaches the catechism to Pierril the page-boy. One evening he asks her to explain to him the immortality of the soul, and amongst other questions he inquires: "What a philosopher was?" "Some one that is wise and learned," she replies. "Then, mademoiselle," rejoins

the boy, "you are a philosopher!" "My seriousness as a catechist was gone for that evening," she writes in the notebook. Another day is spent in laying the washing out to dry, and she thinks the pure white linen spread over the vivid green grass or floating airily from the ropes, quite an object of beauty. "One feels," she says, "like Homer's Nausicaa, or one of the princesses in the Bible who washed their brother's tunics."

Her morning prayers are said in unison with a chorus of birds which she notes singing lustily outside her window; in the evening she reads a chapter from the New Testament, and records the beauty of the moonbeam which strayed across the open page. The sunshine makes of her simply-furnished bed-room a palace: "The bright radiance," she writes, "embellishes it and keeps me within. I love all that comes from the sky. I admire my wall tapestried with sun-rays; they envelop and surround a chair like golden draperies. Never have I had a more beautiful room."

Her power of passing in a moment from the ideal to the practical is admirable. She soliloquizes one day in her Journal on the Saint of the day, Simon Stylites of the Column. "I think him fortunate," she says, "to have made himself a dwelling far above the things of this ~~earth~~, which he does not even touch with his feet. These Lives of Saints are wonderful, delightful to read, full of instruction to a believing soul"—then: "I hear a hen clucking, I must go and find her nest." The Journal breaks off for that day, and Eugénie sallies forth to hunt for the truant bird's nesting-place. Elsewhere she notes that some of the Lives of the Saints are dangerous reading for a great many people: "I would not recommend them to a young girl, or even to some women who are no longer young. What one reads has such power over one's feelings; and these even in seeking God sometimes go astray"—and then in reference to ill-regulated piety, she quotes St. Francis de Sales' words to the nuns who asked his leave to go barefoot: "Change your brains," he said, "and keep your shoes."

Eugénie's reading would seem restricted to an omnivorous woman reader of this century; but a glance at the books which constituted her library convinces one that it was solid and well-chosen. New books were few and far between at La Cayla, and she read and re-read her favourites. She possessed, amongst others, the French classic poets, Shakespeare, many of Sir Walter Scott's novels, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the poems

of Ossian, a translation of the *Eneid*, the works of the Count de Maistre, Lamartine, the *Imitation*, the spiritual writings of Bossuet, Fenelon, St. Francis de Sales, and M. Gerbet; some of De Lamennais' works. She enjoyed reading Voltaire's *Century of Louis XIV.*—though she remarks, that whenever there is mention of religious questions, the author obtrudes his views: "But they do not hurt me," she adds, "and I continue to read, finding it excellently well-written."

Eugénie was endowed in great perfection with the gift of expression; her style is facile and clear. Writing was to her a keen pleasure, a real source of enjoyment and repose. "I find writing has become a necessity to me," she says. "Whence does it arise, this impulse to give utterance to my spirit, to pour out my thoughts before God and one human being? . . . In the stillness of a life like this my spirit is happy, and as it were dead to all that goes on upstairs or downstairs, in the house or out of the house. But this does not last long. Come, my poor spirit, I say to myself, we must go back to the things of this world. And I take my spinning, or a book, or a saucepan, or I play with Wolf and Trilby. Such a life as this I call heaven upon earth."

She had her scruples about indulging her talent; scruples which happily her brother always did his best to dispel. But there were intervals when these doubts had the upper hand, and she desisted from the use of the pen. A poetic friend of Maurice, M. de la Morvonnais, expressed great admiration for some of her short poems, and sent her his written thoughts on the subject of the mission of a poet. Eugénie remarks thus in her Journal: "I understand M. de la Morvonnais, but I cannot answer him. A woman poet such as he thinks I am, is an ideal being, quite apart from the life I lead, which is a life full of occupation and household duties which take up all my time. I know not how to live differently; and besides it is my path of duty, and I would not swerve from it. I sometimes wish that my aspirations, my soul, had never taken wings beyond this little sphere where I must pass my days. It is all very well to tell me that I can fly upwards beyond my needle and my spinning-wheel, without losing myself in the far distance. I know, and I feel, that this is impossible; so I will remain where I find myself—only in Heaven shall my soul inhabit the utmost height."

And again: "My Journal has been untouched for a long

while. Do you know why? It is because the time seems to me mis-spent which I spend in writing it. We owe God an account of every minute; and is it not a wrong use of our minutes to employ them in writing a history of our transitory days?" But as she was forced later to avow: "It is the instinct of my life to write, as it is the instinct of the fountain to flow."

All have more or less the defects of their qualities, and Eugénie's intensely conscientious religious convictions warred with her poetic and artistic temperament. Her innate sense of earthly beauty, and her mystic contemplative thought of God as the Source of all beauty, were at times hostile to one another. The good Curé of Cahusac clearly had not the intellectual capacity for directing and controlling her scruples. Much as she loved her brother Maurice, it must be remembered that at the time when he left M. de Lammenais his faith foundered, and he lived in unbelief for many years. Therefore on matters of conscience he was a broken reed for Eugénie to lean on. So it is with real sympathy one thinks of her bright, intellectual, well-stored mind, wrestling with uneasy and somewhat puerile scruples in the solitudes of beautiful La Cayla, acting on principles which a contemporary great Catholic writer, Father Tyrrell, S.J., calls "Un-Catholic puritanism." For a considerable length of time Eugénie laid aside her pen, and allowed her talent to rust. Then when the torrent of literary expression could no longer be pent up, she allowed it free play once more, and sent the composition to Maurice in Paris. "You see, my Tortoise," he writes in acknowledgment, "that your talent is no illusion, since after a period I know not how long of practical inaction—a trial to which any half-talent would have succumbed—it rears its head again more vigorous than ever. It is really heart-breaking to see you, with I know not what scruples, repress and bind down your spirit, which tends with all the force of its nature to develop itself in this direction. Others have made it a case of conscience for you to resist this impulse, and I make it one for you to follow it."

There are doubtless many eager, zealous souls, who would seriously weigh the *pros* and *cons* of Eugénie's scruples, and feel inclined perhaps to turn the scales in the direction of her austerity, and the mortifying of her literary gifts. There is a passage in Father Tyrrell's beautiful essay on *The True and the False Mysticism*, which is singularly appropriate to this question. He speaks of the Christian mystic "acting at times

on principles, which belong to Oriental pessimism and nihilism—principles proper to that un-Catholic puritanism, which is disposed to regard all human interests, all secular knowledge and science, all experience of the senses, all phantasms of the imagination, all works of art and industry, all natural affections and emotions, anything other than the direct thought of God and the supernatural, which could in any way occupy the soul's attention, with a sort of jealous suspicion, and inclined to obviate the danger, not by temperance but by total abstinence; not by using these things to lead us to God, but by discarding them altogether, and striving to occupy the mind and heart with the thought of God alone, . . . a *regime* that would thus stunt the mind and affections, and remove the very soil from which alone the idea of God can spring up, and draw nutriment, and increase, belongs properly to the mysticism of the Buddhist who is seeking rest in the minimum of spiritual activity through the fixed contemplation of Infinite Void"—and then the writer goes on to point out how according to the possibilities of the age and country, "we find research, scientific studies, fine arts, and useful handicrafts, flourishing in the homes of contemplatives—associated with the great names of Augustine, Jerome, Basil, Gregory, Bernard, Aquinas, Anselm—men who had a singularly real, rich, and massive sense of God."

One cannot help feeling that Eugénie, with her wonderful power "of finding poetry within herself and God in everything," would have had a richer growth of soul, and even finer poetic instincts, had she possessed a director with a little of the wide mind and broad sympathies of the writer of the above-mentioned essay.

When she employed her pen sketching and, as it were, entwining her poetic and her mystic thoughts on paper, the result is very beautiful. It was this interweaving that drew from Matthew Arnold the comparison between Catholicism and Protestantism as exemplified in Eugénie's writings, compared with those of a young Protestant writer of last century—Miss Emma Tatham. Matthew Arnold was particularly struck by the difference in the religious setting of the two lives. He contrasts Eugénie's description of Christmas in Languedoc, her daily reading the life of a Saint, carrying her to the most diverse times, places, and peoples; her quoting to herself the words of St. Macedonius to the hunter: "I pursue after God as you pursue after game;" her method of influencing

village girls—with Miss Tatham's Union of Church Fellowship with the worshippers of Hawley Square Chapel, Margate ; the congregational singing of the illiterate hymns, the Sunday School. "What a dissimilarity!" he says—"in the ground of the two lives, a likeness ; in all their circumstances what unlikeness ! An unlikeness, it will be said, in that which is non-essential and indifferent. Non-essential—yes ; indifferent—no. The signal want of grace and charm in English Protestantism's setting of its religious life is not an indifferent matter, it is real weakness."

Eugénie's relation to the priest, "her sweet weekly pilgrimage," as she calls it, to the confessional in the little church of Cahusac, where she speaks of "unburthening herself of so many miseries," are all commented on by Matthew Arnold, "the aspects of which," he says, "one is glad to study."

If Eugénie is to be found in her Journal dwelling somewhat minutely on the details of her sorrows and disenchantments, it must be remembered that her exceedingly acute perceptions were recorded by a wonderfully facile pen, and that her mind, like a sensitive photographer's plate, received the imprint of every impression most keenly and delicately. But any chagrin or anxiety that fell to her lot paled before the heavy and perhaps somewhat anticipated grief of her brother's illness and death.

To the sunshine of his native Languedoc, and to the shady groves of La Cayla, Maurice was brought to be nursed and tended by Eugénie. He survived the journey but ten days. Months after, Eugénie recorded in her Journal every detail of the loved brother's last hours on earth. She resumed her daily diary two days after Maurice's death, and dedicated the book "To Maurice in Heaven." But the mainspring of her life was broken. The mental effort of registering her thoughts gave her some strength. As the years went by the notes grew fewer ; though the reflections became deeper and finer. She set herself the task of making her brother's genius known to the world. Madame George Sand paved the way by a fine tribute to his merit in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But the time was not yet ripe for the publishing of Maurice's compositions. Eugénie did not live to see her endeavours crowned with success. She had visited all the spots in France sacred to the memory of Maurice ; she had collected his letters and writings ; corresponded with his friends and admirers ; she

returned to La Cayla broken in health and spirits. The last words of her Journal are: "Time is sad whether as passing away, or coming towards us; the Saint was right who said: 'Let us bind our hearts to Eternity.'" She then laid aside her pen and was silent—she bound her heart to Eternity, and gave herself up to prayer and tranquillity. She faded away from a touch of the same illness as her brother's, and died in May, 1848.

The dust in many a library lies thick and heavy on the volumes containing Eugénie de Guérin's Journal and Fragments. Events succeed one another with increasing rapidity. Many a stronger and more brilliant personality has appeared and disappeared since the time when Eugénie lived and died in sunny Languedoc. Evoking her memory may seem like stirring the faded rose-leaves of a forgotten potpourri, or fingering old yellowed letters and faded ribbons. But the charm and fascination that to many people is associated with such treasured mementoes, would also most assuredly be felt by them in the reading of Eugénie's delicate poetic prose; and also to them, from the far away tranquil solitudes of La Cayla, the gentle echo of her voice would make itself heard with its lessons of contentment, serenity, and inward joy.

Poets are necessarily few and far between; and Eugénie's secret "of finding poetry within herself and God in everything," may be judged difficult of practice by some—and yet on reflection it may be easier than at first hearing is imagined. Because, if God can be realized as the Supreme Artist whose handiwork is to be found in all things, it follows that beauty, either latent or manifest, is everywhere; and that with due cultivation of the seeing eye, and the hearing ear, Eugénie's secret might become common property, and the most prosaic might find gleams of poetry within themselves, and most assuredly God everywhere and in all things.

LOUISE LIEBICH.

The Veil of the Temple.

I.

IN the *Veil of the Temple* Mr. Mallock does but repeat the argument on the religious question which formed the subject-matter of his book of last year, *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*. The justification of a second volume on the same lines is, that it presents the argument in a more popular form, in the hope of interesting a wider circle of readers. The former volume was, in short, a book for the study; this is a book for the drawing-room—for the tiresome but influential class, which is impatient of laborious study and yet is strongly attracted towards religious problems, and likes to fancy itself in the front rank among the thinkers of the age. Mr. Mallock's desire is to convince these people that they may still believe, if not in Christianity, at least in some practically valuable form of Theism. But the constructive part of his argument is too fragile to be of much avail, and it is to be feared lest the *Veil of the Temple*, thanks to its popular form and skilful composition, may take its place among the books which are most influential in undermining the faith of the people. At the same time it is perhaps as well that it has been written, as it gathers together the principal arguments which are considered fatal to religion, in a form which facilitates the task of examining them.

As in his *New Republic*, which first attracted public attention to the author, he adopts the Symposium form and handles it with a like skill. Rupert Glanville, the exponent of his own views, is a man of amiable character and pleasant manners, of good birth and great wealth, and of talents and industry which applied to the public service have earned for him from his fellow-countrymen the reputation of a valued statesman. He is thus one who, if happiness were dependent on the gifts of this life only, has had every advantage for attaining to it. And yet he is sick at heart. In an autobiographical fragment which at

the beginning of the narrative he places in the hands of a friend, Seaton, he records his own internal experiences, not so much for their own sake, but as "an example of the effects produced on personal character by a gradual assimilation of our modern knowledge of the Universe." According to this testimony he had begun life a happy and healthy boy of the normal type, never tempted to doubt the validity of the Christian doctrines concerning the origin and destiny of man, in which he was brought up by his instructors of the moderate High Church party. It was when he came to the University that the disillusionment set in. His Broad Church professors at Oxford, and the men of science he used to meet at an uncle's house,—by their insistence on the unhistorical character of the Bible, on the insignificant place occupied by man in the general scheme of the Kosmos, and on the single net of steel into which the advance of science was slowly but surely drawing all the phenomena of existence, organic as well as inorganic,—combined not only to sap his faith in Christianity, but even to convince him that the very existence of all religion was a dream. The reaction of this discovery on his natural temperament was serious. All the value of life seemed to have been drained out of it, and for a long time, young as he was, he had thoughts of suicide. Soon, however, he conceived a fervent passion for a young lady, and the effect was speedily to reassure him that there was something to live for after all; and even when this short-lived engagement ended in a heartless jilting, he still contrived by a curious process to gather from the very poignancy of his sense of injury the certainty that there must be a transcendental world somewhere to readjust such disturbances of the moral order. Then came his elder brother's death to open out to him a new vista of occupations, and before long he was plunged in the vortex of public life, with scanty leisure for brooding over his perplexities and despondencies. And yet from time to time a monitor in his mind was ready to whisper to him that all effort was vain and that there was no meaning in anything, and the whispers at length growing louder, the feeling was intensified that he was but an actor before a painted canvas behind which was nothing but death and darkness. And then finally "of the trinity of denials—there is no God, there is no soul, there is no will—it seemed to (him) that the third person was revealed to (him),—an unholy spirit that made (his) body its temple," and he asked himself,

"Could this view of existence thus forced upon him be true; were the thoughts, the feelings, the aspirations, the seeming efforts of man, nothing but the passive dance of motes in a passing sunbeam; from this blighting conclusion was there no way of escape?" In any case the question was becoming one which he must look fairly in the face, giving himself some leisure for the purpose, that he might succeed in balancing his accounts with reality. As he puts it to his friend, Alistair Seaton: "Our religious and moral philosophers talk about little else. But these good people—theologians, idealists, materialists—they all do the same thing. They shy at it, they jib, they shirk it. They none of them have the courage to meet it. The religious thinkers shirk the logic of denial. With an equally dogged cowardice the irreligious thinkers shirk its consequences. My own wish is to look the difficulty straight in the face—to peer into its eyes, even though they were the Gorgon's."

It was under these circumstances that Rupert Glanville formed the project of gathering together a few congenial spirits who might talk the matter over with him, and hence the Symposium whose discussions Mr. Mallock gives us. Glanville is the owner of a country house situated somewhere on the Irish coast, on the edge of the sea, and a few miles from a pleasant watering-place called Ballyfergus. It is to this country house that he invites his friends, who fall into two groups—an inner group of a few persons whose ideas are more akin with his own, and who have, so to speak, the right of suffrage in the discussions, and an outer group of persons who are required to exhibit their several attitudes towards the questions discussed, and so to provide specimens for criticism. The former group reside with Mr. Glanville throughout the Symposium, the latter are brought from Ballyfergus as they are wanted and taken back there again when they are done with, by Glanville's private steam-launch—a clerical conference in the town fortunately going on at the time, and causing the needful supply of specimens to be close at hand.

In the selection of his characters Mr. Mallock can hardly be said to have done justice to his subject. He makes Glanville complain of the disposition of religious people to ascribe to selfishness or concupiscence the difficulties which others have in reconciling the claims of religion with those of modern knowledge. The disposition is perhaps not so general as he fancies; but those who have it may very naturally

claim Mr. Mallock as a witness in their support, if we are to understand his inner group as intended to be types of the sort of people who have drifted away from the faith of their fathers. A more unspiritually-minded set it is difficult to imagine. Glanville himself is the best of them, and in the autobiographical fragment we have seen him ascribe to himself something of the mental agony which is appealed to by religious-minded persons as the cry of outraged nature. But Seaton refuses to recognize in all this the portrait of his friend; and certainly in all the discussions Glanville never rises again to anything like the same level of earnestness. As for Seaton himself, the representative of Hegelian idealism, he is an amiable fellow enough, but does not appear to be stirred by any deep feeling. And the remaining characters are positively objectionable in one way or another. Of the men, there are Mr. Hancock, the editor of the *Dictionary of Contemporary Life*, a perky sort of character, aptly described by one of the others as a kind of "water-wagtail washing himself in an intellectual saucer," who is prepared to talk about everything and cares about nothing, unless perhaps what involves a slight upon himself; Mr. Brompton, another conceited and cock-sure person, who seldom penetrates below the surface, and is described as "once a Roman Catholic priest, who has a wife and invented a new religion;" and Lord Restormel, "an ex-Viceroy of India," full of talent, but whose chief preoccupation is with the eternal feminine, and who never misses the chance of trying to give a fleshly turn to the conversation. And of the ladies, we have Lady Snowdon, a clever dragon-fly, who has no beliefs and feels the want of none; Miss Leighton, a young girl, who occasionally contributes a pertinent observation, but whose chief part in the proceedings is apparently to supply the means for a little love-making; and Mrs. Vernon, well described by Lady Snowdon, as "a clever woman, quick and sharp as a needle, . . . (who says) that of course in these days we none of us believe in miracles; yet . . . always has a Bible by her bed, and reads as a kind of charm a few verses every night; (and) used to keep an invitation card of Lady Croydon's"—a lady of dubious character—"amongst the Psalms as a marker." And if the inner group is thus unsatisfying, still more is the outer group ill-selected. To Mr. Cosmo Brock, the impersonation of Mr. Herbert Spencer, no objection need be taken, for he has his obvious purpose as an exponent, along with Mr. Brompton,

of the nostrums offered us as substitutes for the religion we are to lose. But inasmuch as the first act in the discussion was to be an inquiry whether Christianity in any of its forms can continue to hold minds imbued with scientific knowledge, one might have expected that the speakers chosen to state its case would be modelled after its more worthy representatives, and not be such impossible eccentricities as Mr. Maxwell, Canon Morgan, and Father Skipton, or even the ineffective Bishop of Glastonbury. And as for the lay element in this outer group, with its Sir Roderick Harborough, his three establishments, and his yellow-haired ladies; with its Mrs. Jeffries, "the largest-hearted woman in the world, as every one knows except (her husband), . . . who never says 'No' to a man and never abuses a woman;" and its Mrs. Harland, the wealthy furniture dealer's daughter, whose one preoccupation is to be smart, and who in Lady Snowdon's estimation is "the only one of God's creatures past praying for"—with what propriety is this froth of society selected to decide for us the most serious of all questions? Apparently it is to illustrate the deep-rooted belief in free-will which affects all classes, and to suggest that the clergy, however lofty may be their moral teaching, have a propensity for associating outside the church walls with these tainted characters and accepting them as adherents. But if so their presence in the book is as regards the former of these purposes unnecessary and as regards the latter positively misleading. And if Mr. Mallock does not know this, we can only conclude that he is ill-acquainted with the religious phenomena he undertakes to study.

Saturday evening and Sunday are taken up with a dinner-party, at which the question of human responsibility is raised in connection with some recent social scandals,—cases of conjugal infidelity, of insobriety, of cheating at cards, of ill-treatment of children; and expositions of the Christian Creed are given by the four clergymen above named. By these the leading facts on which the discussions were to turn are brought strikingly forward, and then on the Monday afternoon, when the outer group of persons has departed, the discussions actually commence. The four gentlemen and the three ladies who take part in them meet in session after session on the terrace, or amidst the ruins of the old abbey, or in some other congenial spot, and, Mr. Hancock acting as chairman, Mr. Glanville

expounds his views on the various points, the others helping him with their criticisms. Four general points are to be considered. (1) Inasmuch as it has been the custom to identify religion with Christianity, is it still possible to believe in all or any of its doctrines? (2) If it is not, and we find that science has made a clean sweep of the whole of this particular revelation, and all other revelations also (for we shall not reject Christianity in order to become Mahometans), will science at least give us any ground for retaining those general hopes and feelings which all religions share as their common and inmost essence? (3) If it does, in what practical form can such a religion express itself, and in particular what is to be thought of the only forms of expression that have so far been attempted? (4) If, on the other hand, it is found that, though it is easy to discredit Christianity, it is hard to devise a substitute for it, is it possible to recover by some other method than science the greater part at all events of this religion which science has taken away from us?

On the Monday afternoon when the first of these four points is examined, Mr. Hancock, on behalf of Mr. Glanville, after distinguishing between the moral appeal which the teaching of Christ makes to us and the alleged events which are declared to be inseparable from it, and leaving out the former as not to be included in that afternoon's discussion, proceeds to gather up the alleged facts in four groups, of which the first appertains to the Fall and its consequences, the second to the history of the Call of Abraham, the third to the history of the Jews from then to the end of the Old Testament time, and the fourth the years covered by our Lord's Life, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension. That a correct account of all these events, their purport and significance, could be compressed into the single page which is all that Mr. Mallock gives to it, is probably impossible, but he was evidently not solicitous that his account should be correct in these respects, and he even interlards it with some flippant parodies to make it seem the more ridiculous, and so the better ensure its rejection as an impossible story. Thus, for instance, his account of our redemption, is that "the Creator of the Universe assumed the form of man, becoming through a mortal mother the immortal father of Himself; (and that) in this condition He died the death of a thief, for the sake of the disastrous victims of His first creative experiment." After this accommodating statement of its contents, the criticism

of the Christian position goes on gaily. Mrs. Vernon is the only person who has anything to say on its behalf, and her say consists in urging that Christianity ought not to be held responsible for so much, since all educated Christians give up the Fall, whilst Dr. Driver and others do not believe that such a person as Abraham existed, and Harnack, Sanday, Loisy, and others practically give up the Old Testament; and since the facts of the fourth group—the miraculous Birth, the Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ—are “all that really matter.” On which Glanville reminds her in a superior way that Canon Morgan and Abbé Loisy treat the New Testament much as they treat the Old, and find the Evangelists in flagrant contradiction as to the very points that she indicates as essential. “Can you wonder,” he asks, “that many people, if they adopt the Abbé’s principles, should refuse to take seriously the narratives of the Resurrection and Ascension?” All this is very facile, and is quite in accordance with the methods of drawing-room discussions. It is in accord too with the indirect and evasive standpoint from which the party agree to approach the first group of facts. “We are going,” says Hancock, “to put it in the following way. Whereas so lately as fifty years ago, the above events (namely, those of the four groups) were believed in by the great mass of educated people, the number of educated people who do not believe in them any longer is now so large and so widely distributed, that their conduct cannot be due to chance or private perversity. To what causes is it due then, since it is not due to these?” Still one cannot but feel that this mode of putting the question is suggestive of another, which perhaps, if it had been admitted along with its opposite, might have indicated the need of a more searching method of inquiry. Why, it might be asked with at least equal justice, since there are so many now-a-days who treat the Christian narrative with derision as unworthy of the credence of any educated men, are there still so many persons quite as well educated as the others, quite as solidly imbued with the knowledge of scientific facts and principles, quite as capable of exercising a sound judgment, and quite as widely distributed, who still retain their belief in this narrative, and base their whole lives and hopes on its contents? It is, indeed, just as easy to dismiss this class as influenced by private perversity as it is to dismiss the other, and just as futile. But the more rational course is to listen to their protest which would be that the

Christian religion must be studied, not in a clever parody of some fifty printed lines, but in its full scheme as it is understood and translated into a rule of living by the Christian multitudes, and that its validity must be estimated, not on the basis of concessions made by viewy ecclesiastics like Canon Morgan, but on that of the solid investigations of its best representatives—who can bring into the field vastly stronger evidence, for instance, for the facts of the Resurrection and Ascension,¹ than these drawing-room critics seem to be aware of; and who can put an interpretation on the story of the Fall, of the choice of Abraham's family, and of the providential history of Israel, much more in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Bible, and much more consistent with the Divine attributes of Wisdom and Goodness.

Inasmuch as Mr. Mallock has in the past taken a special interest in the position of the Catholic Church, and has ascribed to it characteristics which give it an advantage over its rivals for resisting the assaults of modern critics, one looks to see how he will work that point into the general argument of his present work. Practically he passes it over for a reason to which we shall come presently, but he has just one page on the subject a comment on which is most necessary.

Your late Church [says Glanville to Brompton] is mistress of a means by which she might still defend her doctrines, without logical absurdity, in the face of mere Biblical criticism. She enjoys a profound advantage which, in all other churches, is wanting. This is the authority attached by her to her own organized traditions. . . . The

¹ It is an illustration of Mr. Mallock's unfamiliarity with the details, important though they be, of the Biblical accounts of these events, that he makes Glanville say that according to St. Luke the Ascension took place on the day of the Resurrection at Bethany, whereas St. Matthew says it was in Galilee, "a journey of some days from Jerusalem." He does not seem to be aware that in Acts i. we are told of an interval of forty days between the Resurrection and Ascension, and of many apparitions during that interval. As no one doubts that the Acts and the Third Gospel are by the same author it is presumable he did not contradict himself, and a closer inspection will show that in the Gospel the Evangelist does not say that the Ascension was on the day of the Resurrection. Further, if there was an interval of forty days between the two events there was time for an apparition in Galilee such as St. Matthew speaks of, whilst it is the case again that St. Matthew does not say that the Ascension was in Galilee. Another of Mr. Mallock's blunders is in supposing that according to the Synoptics the Last Supper was on a Friday. They agree with St. John that it was on the Thursday; where they seem to disagree (for it can be shown, we believe, that the discrepancy is not real), is as to whether it was on the day itself of the Pasch or the preceding day.

Roman Church seems from the very beginning to have been unconsciously preparing herself for the day when the old objective evidences should lose their independent force. She has supplied herself theoretically with the means of being herself the evidence of these. Instead of declaring that she is true because she agrees with the Bible, she declares that the Bible is true because it agrees with her.

Mr. Mallock is mistaken in supposing that the Catholic Church has ever conceived thus of her relation to the Bible. Her belief, more than once expressed in authentic declarations, is that the Bible is true because it is the word of God, and that she herself and her doctrinal traditions are likewise true because they come from God. And the conclusion she draws from this fundamental relation between the two is that both being from God, each can be employed as a rule of interpretation for clearing up the obscurities of the other. At the same time it is the case that this being so, a Catholic is placed in a more advantageous position for maintaining his faith in the face of modern Biblical difficulties. It is impossible to deny that the difficulties which challenge the validity of Bible testimony are often serious, and that often, even where subsequently the course of investigation has brought with it a satisfactory solution, the difficulty for the time being has appeared overwhelming. When this happens, one who has to regard the Bible as the sole support of his faith must needs be in an anxious state during the interval until the fuller light appears. The Catholic, meanwhile, leaning as he does not only on Scripture but on the witness of his Church, has this ground on which to rest throughout, with a confidence too, that in spite of the adverse appearances of the moment, the Scripture testimony is really on his side and may be shown to be so before long. We say the witness of his Church, for the Church Catholic is not merely a teacher, but also a standing witness to the truth of her teaching; and a witness not merely by the right of her claim to a Divine commission, but likewise by the right of her marvellous stability as an institution, and of the marvellous fertility of her spiritual life—which cause her to be a wonder to all reflecting minds, and to her own children a moral miracle, a standing proof that she comes from God and God is with her. This surely was a point worthy of inclusion in the argument for Christianity which Mr. Glanville and his friends undertook to discuss. As it is, they pass it over as superfluous for a reason to which we now come.

He is much impressed by the vast antiquity which prehistoric archaeology postulates for the human race, and the comparatively insignificant stretch of time filled up by the Biblical and Christian periods. He provides an object-lesson to illustrate this, a long narrow gallery in Glanville's house originally intended for an orangery, but now arranged as a museum containing specimens of human industry during all the stages of man's ascertained existence on earth. To each thousand years of time a foot's length of space is allotted, the whole gallery being a thousand feet long, so as to represent a period of a million years. Of this great length only the first six feet are allotted to the period commencing with what Mr. Glanville calls "the Biblical date of Adam." And as the party walk along the gallery he points out object after object with remarks like these: "This shelf, whose length is something like twenty feet, gives us the landmarks of the pre-Adamite civilizations. Here we come to models of great pre-Adamite merchant ships made from Egyptian drawings." "Here are we looking at man as he was more than eighty thousand years ago." "This bank of lime . . . extends to a length of a hundred and sixty feet. This represents the latest glacial period (during which, the ice and snow . . . had driven men out of Europe), . . ." and so on through the indications of a long interglacial and another glacial period, till the end of the gallery, that is to say the term of a million years, is almost reached. Then we are told to look at an object bequeathed to us as a relic from that remote period. "It is a drawing on ivory . . . of a woman—the earliest of female portraits. . . . She has one thing on—one only and that thing a bracelet." The reflexions which this impressive object-lesson is calculated to excite are then made by two of the party. "One can hardly bear to look at (this portrait)," said Mrs. Vernon. "It makes all the history we know—the rise and fall of empires—seem like squabbles of children during one day in the school-room." "And do you not find," said Glanville, "that it suggests a similar though not quite the same thought with regard to the history of human religions also?"

Before, however, this sweeping conclusion is drawn, two exceptions of a serious kind need to be taken to the premises: one, to what is so categorically asserted about Biblical dates; the other, to what is so categorically asserted about palæontological dates. The Book of Genesis nowhere makes any direct

statement as to the age of the human race, and although at first sight it might seem as if the genealogies of the Patriarchs were meant to supply data for an approximate inference, any such inference would be hazardous in the extreme, for the simple reason that we do not know sufficient of the plan on which these tables are constructed. Hence it is agreed among all the modern commentators, Catholic as well as others, that the Bible leaves the date of man's creation an open question, and confines itself to the declaration that Adam was the first parent of the race, whose own date must therefore be pushed back till it sufficiently precedes the dates, whatever they may be, which history and prehistoric archæology postulate for the earliest men. What, then, one cannot help feeling is that Mr. Mallock, if he proposed to write on the subject, should have taken the pains to ascertain these facts, and so have saved himself from talking so unwarrantably of the "Biblical date of Adam." Of course if he likes himself to hold that view of the Bible dates he can do so, but he has no right to impute it to us who repudiate it. If, however, he is blameworthy for this, his recklessness of statement amounts to downright audacity in what he tells us about the pronouncements of science on the same subject. We have seen him assign a million years as a reasonable estimate of the age of the human race, and even this does not content him. "You must take my exhibition," says Glanville, "as no more than a rough sketch of things. Indeed it is probably far more out of drawing than you suggest, for it cramps the history of man into the smallest possible compass which the most timid anthropologists of any school can assign to it. It gives man an antiquity of a million years only. This is probably twenty, and possibly a hundred times too little." It would really have been interesting had Glanville given the names of a few of these anthropologists, whether they be the most timid or the most bold, who deal in such amazing figures. For his million years he seems to be relying on Sir William Croll's theory of the synchronism of glacial periods with times of maximum eccentricity of the earth's orbit. He does not seem to know that this theory, which was never more than a guess, has succumbed to minuter examination, and has now no supporters to speak of.

As things go, perhaps M. Mortillet may stand as an example of the bolder anthropologists, but he in his *Le Préhistorique* (1883), though as positive as Mr. Mallock in giving his opinion,

is content with "a total of 230,000 or 240,000 years for the antiquity of man," whose first appearance he assigns to the beginning of the Quaternary Period. On the other hand, Sir Joseph Prestwich, a geologist of the first rank, may stand as an example of the "most timid." "If," he says in his *Controverted Questions*, "we may be allowed to form a rough approximate limit on data yet very insufficient and subject to correction, we might give to Palæolithic Man, supposing him to be of early Glacial age, no more than perhaps 38,000 to 47,000 years; while should he be restricted to the so-called post-Glacial period, his antiquity need not go further back than 18,000 to 27,000 years before the time of Neolithic Man in Europe." So great a variation between authorities is no doubt surprising, but the fact is that, in the defect of any such astronomic factor as Sir William Croll sought for, we are left for our time-measures of the prehistoric period to estimates of the rate of geological processes, such as the rate of erosion produced by falls like Niagara, the rate of retreat of the waters of Lake Bienné as applied to the distance of the lake dwellings from its present border, the rate of deposition of the strata in Danish turf-pits, and so on. And it is becoming increasingly realized how uncertain are these geological clocks, with the result that the more recent geologists are disposed to abstain from expressing any judgments whatever as to the age of prehistoric man. A more promising basis of calculation is to be found in the testimony of the ancient records of India and China, and in the finds of the excavators in Egypt and Assyria. What these sources attest is that the countries in question were populated and to a certain degree civilized some four or five centuries before Christ. Of course this implies a previous period during which the race multiplied, dispersed from its parent stock, and mounted to the level of progress in arts and industries in which it is exhibited in the remains mentioned. Still, another five thousand years or so would amply suffice for all this to take place, and that is all we can say until geology has found, if it is ever to find, some surer time-measure than it can offer us at present.

But we have still a remark to make on Mr. Mallock's fine climax of the recumbent woman with the bracelet. He does not tell us very definitely what particular specimen of prehistoric art he is referring to, but it can hardly be anything else than the *femme au renne*, found by M. Landesque in the caves

of La Laugerie Basse. Mr. Mallock has quietly assigned it to the age of the earliest traces of prehistoric man. Among modern archæologists, we understand, the only dispute is whether it should be referred to the extreme end of the palæolithic period, and not rather to the transitional mesolithic period. But we have said enough about Mr. Glanville's object-lesson in the orangery. It may indeed seem that we have said too much, but it was well worth while to utilize so flagrant an instance in order to illustrate the curious recklessness with which Mr. Mallock can misconceive and mis-state the scientific facts on which his whole argument is to turn. For this is the gravest of all the defects in his book. Over and over again we are told that "science" says this and "science" says that, when in reality what he imputes to science is merely the extreme theory of some particular school, or some gross exaggeration of what he has read in a scientific book. Thus, to add another instance, in one place he is arguing from the analogy of what are called "isomeres"—that is, substances such as cheese and lean beef, which, though so different in character, yield to chemical analysis the same ultimate constituents; and he tells us, just as if it were but another fact which science has placed beyond doubt, that the difference between conscious thought and inorganic matter is similarly due merely to a different grouping of the same movements of electrons; and he even ascribes this recognition as of a demonstrated fact to "all modern men of science." "All men of science," he makes Glanville say, "recognize that the substance of the universe contains all the elements out of which human thought springs, but contains them in a form so different from this thought that our knowledge of our own thought gives us no more clue to its nature than a glass of whiskey would give us to the nature of the sprouting barley-field." Procedure like this will not impose on readers at all acquainted with scientific subjects. But the mass of readers may be prone to take Mr. Mallock's scientific facts at his own valuation, and it is desirable therefore that they should be warned that this cannot safely be done.

Here we may stop for the present. In another article we shall consider Mr. Mallock's treatment of the three remaining questions on the list above given.

S. F. S.

The Member for Fairdale.

CHAPTER V.

MR. REYNOLDS RECEIVES A VISITOR.

FAIRDALE EPISCOPI is a very sleepy old town standing in a basin surrounded by undulating hills. In ancient times it was the favourite country seat and place of rest of the Bishop whose Cathedral stood some ten miles away. Sir Christopher Foote's house, built on the crest of a hill overlooking the town, had no doubt been the home of successive Bishops in former days, and though, as seen from the town, it looks a comparatively modern building, the grounds boast more than one relic of bygone times. There is even the ruin of the old episcopal chapel, with its decorated windows and its ivy-grown gargoyles.

When Ronald's train drew up at the platform at Fairdale, he found the station not only crowded but decorated also; and, to his great surprise, a ringing cheer greeted him as he stepped from the carriage, while a small group of gentlemen, among whom he recognized his friend Reginald, gathered round him and bade him welcome. The rest of the crowd, kept by the railway officials at a respectful distance, gave vent to a loud and prolonged cheer as Ronald, his heart beating fast with excitement, was led through the station into the street where one of Sir Christopher's carriages was in waiting. In it the Baronet himself was seated, and he shook the candidate's hand warmly.

In the course of the drive to Fairdale Hall, Ronald caught sight of large blue posters bidding the faithful electors to "Vote for Dare," and here and there, on blank walls and posting-stations, he recognized the address which with infinite pains he had composed. This address was tersely worded. It touched lightly upon the principal burning question of the day, and promised that this and all other questions should be solved in the truest, best, most Conservative and most English way, if

only the writer, Ronald Dare, were sent to represent Fairdale Episcopi in the House of Commons.

"I like your address immensely, Mr. Dare," said Sir Christopher, as the carriage bowled along High Street; "it is exactly what we wanted. I believe you agree with me, Mr. Featherstone?"

"Entirely, Sir Christopher," replied that gentleman, who was facing Ronald.

"Have the Liberals much chance?" asked Ronald.

"Badly organized," replied Mr. Featherstone, taking the question as addressed to himself, and brushing back his grey whiskers as he spoke. "Of course," he continued, "Lord Democrite is a strong man, and he's immensely rich; that is to say, his father, the Earl, is; but he has done little or nothing towards nursing the constituency. He's practically a stranger."

"Ah, I see," said Ronald, "what you call a carpet-bagger."

"Precisely, Mr. Dare," replied the Agent. "I don't think you need fear him. Of course a title always carries weight, especially amongst democrats, strangely enough. But I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that the electors are for Sir Christopher almost to a man."

"Hardly that, Featherstone," laughed the Baronet. "You'll make Mr. Dare think he's standing for Old Sarum. Say rather that the majority of the electors are Conservative—that's nearer the mark, I think."

They had reached the gates of Fairdale Hall by this time, and Ronald gazed at the splendid beeches which formed the long avenue to the house. The sun was near enough to the horizon to bathe the smooth boles of the trees in a soft red light, while through the rich tracery of the leaves shone the golden glow of the August evening. Never certainly had the young man felt such exultation as at that moment. Here, under circumstances so agreeable, was the great ambition of his life nearing its triumphant fulfilment, and with the dignity of a Member of Parliament, he would, so he flattered himself, meet with no further opposition from Sir Richard Forester in the prosecution of his suit.

That night, as Ronald was chatting to Sir Christopher and Reginald in the smoking-room, over an after-dinner cigar, he was the subject of an earnest conversation in the rooms of the Liberal Agent in Fairdale Episcopi. Mr. Reynolds, who had been hard at work all day looking after the interests of

Lord Democrite, was sitting at his desk listening to a visitor. The night was stifling, and the office, with its flaring gas-lamp, was like an oven. Mr. Reynolds would gladly have postponed the interview until the next day, but his visitor had been importunate, assuring the Agent that the matter would brook of no delay.

"Well, Mr. Arkwright," said Reynolds, "and what can I do for you?"

"The boot's on the other foot, Mr. Reynolds," replied the other, laughing. "It's something I'm going to do for *you*, or rather for Lord Democrite, which is much the same thing, I suppose."

"Let's hear it, then, and if you can put it briefly it will be a great kindness, as I'm pretty well worn out."

"Oh, it won't take long. It's just this," said his visitor, leaning forward and adopting a confidential tone. "It's something about this fellow Dare, the Conservative candidate."

"Well?"

"Well, do you know much about him?"

"All we need to know, I suppose," replied Mr. Reynolds, languidly. "He's a barrister who has attracted some little notice by showing that he knows how to speak. He's no fool, and probably he's no genius either."

"And of course he's got the support of Sir Christopher?"

"Of course. He is standing as Sir Christopher's nominee. Everyone knows that. Go on."

"I will," said the visitor. "Now tell me, Mr. Reynolds, am I not right in thinking that the Baronet is a Church of England man?"

"To be sure he is—a very strong one, I should say. Patron of ever so many livings, and has the Bishop to stay with him once or twice a year. But what are you driving at?"

"Just this. Would Sir Christopher, think you, support a man who was no more a Churchman than I'm a Turk or a Jew?"

"Probably not."

"Very well then. Do you happen to know what religion this Mr. Dare is?"

"Church of England, I suppose. I never gave it a thought."

"Ah," said his visitor, looking very solemn. "And I dare say the Baronet never gave it a thought either. He presumed

that his young friend, his pet candidate, was a Churchman, just because he is a Conservative."

"And is he not?" asked Reynolds, who had now thrown off all his languor and fatigue, and was leaning eagerly towards Mr. Arkwright.

The latter gentleman placed his hands on his knees and gazed steadily at the Liberal Agent before he spoke. Then he said in slow, solemn tones:

"He's no more a member of the Church of England than I'm the Emperor of China."

"Then what is he?" asked the other breathlessly. "A Dissenter?"

"Worse than that, Mr. Reynolds, far worse. Or rather, I should say, far better for our cause; he's a *Romanist*! A *Papist*! Indeed, I'm not at all sure he's not a *Jesuit*!"

"Great Heavens, Mr. Arkwright, are you certain of what you're saying?"

"Certain? Yes, I've got absolute proof. A friend of mine, a Papist, told me only yesterday that he was at school with Mr. Dare at a Romanist College."

"This is most important news, Mr. Arkwright. Depend upon it Lord Democrite will not forget this service—for, if what you tell me can be proved, it is a very real service to his cause."

As soon as Mr. Reynolds had shown his visitor out, he took a pen and wrote vigorously for some five minutes. Then he thrust the paper into his pocket and walked rapidly to the printing office. He was fortunate enough to find some of the compositors still there, for at Election times ordinary working hours are disregarded.

Two hours later the town was posted with large staring advertisements, announcing in red letters a foot high: "Ronald Dare is a Papist!" This was succeeded by the following in somewhat smaller type: "Electors! Will you be represented by a Papist, who is bound to vote as the Pope tells him? Come to the Poll as one man and show that you are true born Protestant Englishmen, who detest Jesuitry, Priestcraft, and Popery!"

On the following morning Dare was astir early. The weather was perfect, and a brisk stroll through the park was a delightful prelude to breakfast. He knew, too, that he had a hardish day's work before him, and he was not sorry for a quiet

half-hour's communing with Nature, to prepare his mind for the speeches, compliments, promises, and thanks he would have to utter before nightfall.

He returned home in excellent spirits, and made his way to the breakfast-room, where Lady Foote was making the tea. He was soon joined by Reginald and his father.

The latter seemed even brighter and more cheerful than on the previous evening.

"Any news?" asked Reginald, when the party had settled down to their meal.

"The best of all," said the Baronet gleefully. "The best of all. When one's political opponents catch at an absurd *canard* and treat it as a weapon, it's pretty clear that it's all up with their cause, and that they know it. It's on the principle of 'No case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney!'"

"What's the *canard*?" asked his son. "Something about you, father?"

"Well, no. It's about you, Mr. Dare. But you needn't mind. It's the most hopeful thing that could have happened. It shows how frightfully hard up they must be. They are actually saying that you are a Papist!"

Ronald started a little, and gazed across the room as if trying to collect his thoughts.

"Oh, it's nothing to worry about, Mr. Dare, I assure you. You will be quite used to this sort of thing when you've been through as many contested Elections as I have. Why, in '68 they said I was in league with Napoleon to bring about an invasion. In '74 it was—but I really forget; it was something equally outrageous. Do as I did, Mr. Dare. Sit tight and say nothing. It's the best way of meeting an absurdity like that. It is indeed."

The Baronet was now intent upon his breakfast, or he might have been surprised at the pallor which overspread his guest's usually ruddy countenance. His silence was put down to the preoccupation of mind natural to a young man who is about to address his constituents. The meal ended soon afterwards, and Ronald was carried off by Reginald to the smoking-room for a cigar.

But the morning was hot and they both agreed that the lawn was a pleasanter place for a smoke, and they strolled up and down, puffing the fragrant blue of their tobacco into the fresh, flower-scented air.

Reginald found his friend unusually silent. He could scarcely get more than monosyllabic replies out of him.

"I believe you are upset about these silly rumours, Dare," he said at last.

"Oh, no," replied the other hastily, and then, as though wishing to escape the subject, he added: "I suppose the carriage will be here presently. I have a letter I want to write before we start." And thus he gained the solitude which he desired.

The day was even more laborious for Ronald than he had anticipated. There were whole streets of ugly, commonplace, one-storeyed houses to be visited, and their inhabitants respectfully listened to. The absurdest questions and the most unfounded objections had to be answered—the most squalid babies, held by their equally squalid mothers, had to be kissed and fondled, and all this for hours together in an atmosphere redolent by turns of onions, soap-suds, or unclean clothing, as the case might be, and with the thermometer coquetting with the highest seventies. But the hours wore on, and the ordeal was over at last.

CHAPTER VI.

A CRITICAL QUESTION.

RONALD was thoroughly weary of his canvassing as he left the close, airless courts and returned in Reginald's company to Fairdale Hall. Here he was greeted by Lady Foote with tea, and never had that refreshment proved more welcome. But his toils were by no means over. Of course the great public meeting fixed for that night, when a long, careful, and, if possible, eloquent exposition of his policy would have to be made, was only a few hours off. But there was worse than this in store for the candidate.

Ronald had just put down his tea-cup and had lain back in one of Sir Christopher's luxurious arm-chairs, giving Lady Foote facetious descriptions of what he had been through, when a servant entered with a note.

"Mr. Featherstone has sent this up, sir," said the man, "and his clerk is waiting for an answer."

Dear Mr. Dare [ran the note],—Could you make it convenient to call at my office half an hour before the meeting begins? Our Committee are very anxious to see you on a matter of importance. I am very sorry to give you this trouble.

Believe me, dear Mr. Dare,

Very truly yours,

HORACE FEATHERSTONE.

Ronald heaved a deep sigh which made Lady Foote start.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" said that lady.

"Only half an hour's more work than I anticipated," replied the candidate, "but all things have an end, and I have been treated so well that I must not grumble."

So Ronald's dinner was somewhat curtailed, and at seven o'clock he was being driven in Sir Christopher's dog-cart to the Conservative Committee-rooms.

Mr. Featherstone met him at the door.

"This is really good of you, Mr. Dare," said the Agent. "I would not have put you to this trouble this hot evening if I could have helped it. Pray come into my private room. We will make things as easy to you as possible, as we must keep you fresh for to-night's speech."

When the two men had entered the Agent's room, Mr. Featherstone wheeled up an arm-chair for his visitor. Then seating himself close to his elbow he opened the business. He spoke in a solemn, subdued voice, as though he feared to be overheard.

Ronald listened with downcast eyes and heightened colour. At last he rose from his chair.

"Let me see the Committee at once," he said, with a curious tone of determination. "I think I shall be able to satisfy them, and anyhow the sooner we understand each other the better."

"I sincerely hope you will make everything smooth, sir," said the Agent, anxiously. "I don't like this kind of—of—well this kind of hitch, I may call it. So late in the day, too. It would give the enemy such an advantage if anything went wrong now."

"There is no sort of reason why it should. Where are these inquisitive gentlemen? Take me to them."

"Pray follow me, sir," said the Agent; and the two men went up to the first floor and entered a good-sized room in which were seated five or six members of the Conservative Committee. A somewhat animated conversation had been

going on, but the entrance of the candidate under the guidance of Mr. Featherstone produced a strained silence which was broken, to the Agent's surprise, by the candidate himself.

"Mr. Featherstone tells me, gentlemen," he said, placing his hands on the table, and addressing a little group of three who were seated near the window, "Mr. Featherstone tells me that you wish to ask me a question. I shall be delighted to answer if I can."

There was a coolness and self-possession about Ronald as he made this short speech, which rather took some of his auditors aback. One or two of the number had never been wholly sympathetic towards his candidature, feeling that the Baronet's son ought to have stood for the seat, instead of this stranger. And these malcontents had been rather pleased than otherwise when the accusation against him had appeared. Such a charge, it was true, would greatly jeopardize the chance of a Conservative victory, and to put forward another candidate so late in the day would, from a party point of view, be nearly suicidal. Still those Conservatives who had all along stigmatized Ronald as a "carpet-bag" candidate, while they had felt bound at the same time to support him, were now allowing themselves to be blind to the almost certain ruin which Ronald's withdrawal would bring upon the party in the constituency of Fairdale; but the cool and resolute manner with which the young man faced the Committee, tended to disarm those among them who had been most prejudiced against him. Still the question, however readily it might be answered, had still to be put.

"I am sure," began one of the Committee, rising to his feet, and glancing round at his companions as though to gain their acquiescence, "I am sure we are all of us sorry to give Mr. Dare the trouble of meeting us here, more especially as he is of course to address his constituents this evening; but we feel it to be an imperative duty to ascertain from Mr. Dare's own lips, whether the statement which appears on the walls of this town to-day is true or false. I need scarcely say that I allude to the assertion that Mr. Dare is a member of the Roman Catholic Church."

Ronald had remained standing during this speech, looking with unflinching gaze at the man who uttered it. He replied without a moment's pause.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as a general rule I consider that

any sort of inquiry about a man's religious beliefs is not merely superfluous but impertinent, and in any other circumstances I should decline to answer the question which you have put. But I gather from what I have seen and heard to-day, that my political opponents are trying to make capital out of the assertion that I belong to a particular religious community. I doubt not that they know their own business, and that they are therefore right in believing that they can influence Conservatives in this town to vote against me, or at least to abstain from voting at all, if they can persuade them that I am a Roman Catholic. Let me then assure you that I am not, and so far as I know, never have been a member of the Roman Catholic Church."

This utterance was greeted with a sustained hum of approval, and one or two of the Committee went up to Ronald to thank him for the assurance he had given.

Mr. Featherstone in particular seemed relieved by the turn which events had taken, and his face wore an expression of pleasure which contrasted strongly with the anxiety he had shown on entering the room.

The meeting that night in the Town Hall was large and enthusiastic. The platform was draped with the Conservative colours, and when Sir Christopher took the chair, the audience rose with a shout of welcome which augured well for the reception of his nominee. At the Baronet's side sat Ronald, and by him his friend Reginald, whose countenance was more peaceful than it would have been had he, instead of Ronald, been the speaker of the evening. The platform at the back of the table was crowded with friends, many of whom had come from a distance to support the Conservative candidate. They one and all wore the party colours. Mr. Featherstone, whose chair was placed immediately behind the Baronet's, flitted hither and thither, now whispering some word to the chairman, now suggesting to the candidate some point which he thought should be insisted upon. When the clock showed that the advertised hour of beginning the proceedings had arrived, the Baronet rose. For some seconds he could not speak by reason of the tumultuous applause of the audience. At length he began.

He had, he said, a very pleasant and a very easy duty to perform. It was simply to introduce to the voters who thronged that hall, their chosen candidate, Mr. Ronald Dare. "The duty," said the Baronet, "is easy, for Mr. Dare has already

made himself known to you; and it is pleasant, inasmuch as your previous reception of him has shown me that you approve of his candidature, and that you agree with me that he is the man best suited to the parliamentary requirements of this constituency. I know that he will represent you well and serve your best interests as well as those of the nation at large; and now I call upon my friend, Mr. Dare, whom you are going to send to the House of Commons—(loud cheers)—to explain to you what he is going to do when he gets there, and he will, I know, be happy to answer any questions that may be put to him."

Then followed Ronald's speech, which was very much like hundreds of others which Conservative candidates were at that time delivering all over the country. He ended up by repeating the promise which the chairman had made for him, that he would answer any questions which might be addressed to him.

Three or four people only took advantage of the offer, and they seemed easily satisfied. But just as the proceedings were about to be closed by the usual vote of thanks to the chairman and a resolution of confidence in the candidate, a tall, grey-haired man, neatly attired in black, with a grave and rather solemn appearance, rose to his feet.

"I should be much obliged to Mr. Dare," he said, in a slow, clear tone, "if he could inform his constituents whether there is any truth in an assertion which is being freely made in this town. The assertion is that Mr. Dare is a Roman Catholic, and I am even given to understand that there is a gentleman at present staying in Fairdale who was a fellow-student with Mr. Dare at a Roman Catholic College."

Once more Ronald rose to his feet, and this time his face wore a peculiar look of grimness and determination. To more than one of those who watched him closely, it seemed as though a struggle was going on within him. The colour had left his cheeks, and for a second or two after he had risen his lips were compressed and his teeth tightly clenched.

There had been a few cries of disapproval among the audience when the question was put, and some even called out, "Don't answer." But when silence was restored Ronald said:

"I am glad to have this opportunity of saying in public what I have already partly said in private to my Committee. If to have been at a Catholic school makes a man a Catholic—then I must plead guilty to what some of my friends seem

to regard as a terrible accusation. But I doubt if the least rigorous and most tolerant of Catholics would claim me as a fellow-believer, or allow others to call me one. I was at the College you have referred to because I was sent there at an age when I could not help myself. Except for this fact—of which, however, I am not one bit ashamed—no twisting of words could show me to be in any sense a Catholic. On this subject I shall say no more. Though I am not myself a Catholic I am proud to number among my friends many who are, and if my political friends or opponents wish to vote against me because I spent a few very happy years at a Catholic College, I can only say that they are welcome to do so."

The most practised orator could scarcely have won his audience more effectively than did Ronald by these few simple words, appealing as they did to that sense of fair-play which lies beneath the crust of prejudice in even the narrowest and most bigoted heart. The hall resounded with ringing cheers, twice and thrice repeated, as the candidate took his seat. His supporters on the platform pressed forward to shake his hand, and among the most cordial of these were the members of the Committee who, a couple of hours before, had almost welcomed the rumour about his religious belief which had seemed to offer them an excuse for voting against his candidature.

The papers next morning naturally gave prominence to Ronald's explanation, and the hostile placards describing him as a "Papist" were effectually robbed of any sting which they might have possessed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

THE excitement of the evening which Ronald had spent kept him in good spirits up to the moment when he found himself alone in his bed-room at Fairdale Hall. During the drive home and in the smoking-room, he was more cheerful and talkative than he had been all that day.

Sir Christopher was lavish in his expressions of admiration of Ronald's coolness and equanimity, and of the completeness with which he had refuted the accusation of Popery.

"You spoke splendidly, Dare," he exclaimed, slapping him

heartily on the knee as Ronald sat opposite to him in the carriage. "Not a word too much, and all said with such perfect temper. Your sentence too about having Popish friends was excellent; it showed them you weren't afraid of the subject, and did more to prove the absurdity of the accusation than the angriest philippic could have done. That's the kind of thing the House of Commons loves—coolness, straightforwardness, and courage."

For a good half-hour after they reached home the Baronet continued to load his young *protégé* with praise, as the three men sat over their cigars in the smoking-room. It was striking eleven when he took leave of Dare for the night, after a shake of the hand which had something of deference in it.

Ronald showed no disposition to follow his host, and he rallied his friend Reginald upon his laziness when the latter suggested that it was about time to go to bed.

"I should have thought you would have been worn out with all the speechifying you've been through," said Foote, stifling a yawn.

"Worn out! Not a bit. Why, it's only eleven o'clock. I shall have to keep it up a good bit later than this in the House, I fancy. Anyhow, I'm not going to bed until I've finished this cigar, and as I'm a slow smoker you had better resign yourself to another half-hour of my company."

"Well, you're the great man here just now," replied Foote, "so I suppose I must let you do as you please. Besides, I can't forget that you've nobly come between myself and that awful House of Commons, so I will keep awake with as good a grace as I can."

And so one quarter after another chimed out from the old-fashioned clock on the chimney-piece, and Ronald kept up a running fire of talk. The state of the crops, the value of land, the latest novel, their experiences abroad, the people they had met there—every topic that entered his head was expatiated upon by Ronald with the prolixity of a member "talking out" some obnoxious Bill.

But it was only putting off the evil hour, after all, for the time came at last when Ronald could no longer expect his friend to keep him company. The moment of parting came when the two men wished each other good night in the darkened corridor, and when Ronald, in the stillness of his handsomely-equipped bed-room, with no companion but his

conscience, was left to spend the remainder of the night as best he could.

Now, there are occasions when conscience is by no means what a man would choose as his only companion. Its voice is "still and small"—true, but in the "dead waste and middle of the night," when the rest of the world is wrapped in sleep, the still voice is apt to ring loudly through the chambers of the soul. There are few things which bring the lines of age to the face and grizzle the hair so quickly as the wrangling which a man carries on during the hours between midnight and dawn, with a lively conscience which declines to be convinced by sophism, or suffocated by oblivion.

In vain did Ronald assure his troublesome companion that a boy who is sent to this or that College has no choice but to go; that such a going need not, by any law, divine or human, commit him to the teaching and opinions of those who direct the College. In vain did Ronald bid this impertinent monitor cease from troubling him, repeating again and again that sentence which had sounded so effective that evening in the Hall: "No Catholic—not even the most tolerant, would admit that I belonged to his Church. How," he continued, "can any one be called a Catholic who never goes to Mass, who never receives a sacrament? And if I am not a Catholic, why in the name of justice and common sense should I have to forfeit a seat in Parliament because some interfering fool chooses to declare that I am?"

But somehow the still small voice refused to be smothered. The most cogent arguments were ineffective as a narcotic, and when conscience refuses to sleep, the man to whom it belongs woos Nature's soft nurse in vain. The whole of his future seemed to Ronald to depend upon his perseverance in the course to which he was now committed. He could not play his kind patron so shabby a trick as to throw him over at the eleventh hour; and if he did, what would become of his hopes which were now centred in a certain house down in Somersetshire? "And how do you know that the future is yours at all?" urged his merciless tormentor. "What if you were to die before you took your seat, or before your marriage? Nay, how do you know that you will see to-morrow's sun?"

Alas, the pillow of a man who wars with his conscience is harder to lie on than the stones which support the head of the homeless wanderer. The long-drawn hours of darkness witness

many such struggles, night after night, the year through, and the anguish which they bring is known only to those who have tasted it. There are many convicts in our gaols, disgraced as they are, whose lot is more enviable than that of the man, apparently successful, who wars with his conscience. There is only one state more awful, because the misery is then irremediable; it is the state of the soul which has conquered in the battle; the soul whose mentor has become silent, and has at length dropped into the sleep which lasts on until the moment of death, and then wakes up—vigorous and eternal—as the worm that dieth not.

CHAPTER VIII.

GERTRUDE'S AWAKENING.

PINE COURT, the home of Ronald's "beloved," was a typical English residence. There are many such in this country: picturesque, rather rambling old houses, with a tendency to spread out, instead of to soar aloft after the fashion of the modern "sky-scraper." When Pine Court was built the rage for covering every available square inch of ground had not converted so many miles of English scenery into a mere wilderness of bricks and mortar; and villadom was an unknown quantity in British topography.

The Court took its name from the pine district in which it was situated, and the healthy aroma of those trees was refreshingly noticeable in the air—their dark shade contrasting finely with the lighter tones of the landscape.

In stormy autumn, when the rain-swept country was a tangled blur of dead and dying greenery, and when bare branches raised skeleton arms aloft as though in supplication to meet lowering grey clouds, or stormy red sunsets, streaking the purple-blue of the horizon with bars of slumbering fire, the grand old pines stood erect, hale and hearty in the midst of Nature's undoing, like survivors on a battlefield guarding their dead.

The interior of Gertrude's home was, in its own way, no less typical than the exterior. Happily the house had been spared the barbarous touch of modern improvement; electric light was conspicuous by its absence, and Tottenham Court Road guiltless

of interference with the furniture. The shady drawing-room was long and low. Up-to-date modes in upholstery or decoration had never revolutionized its character; and the faint smell of dried rose-leaves in the old china *pot-pourri* clung about the walls like an unseen presence of the spirit of "days that are dead." Everything bespoke peace and comfort, the cawing of rooks and the liquid twitter of small birds taking the place of the jarring machinery of city life.

Gertrude's early years had hitherto been very uneventful, and very happy—if the term happy can be applied to what is uneventful. Perhaps *tranquil* would be more applicable, for happiness, as such, surely denotes joyous activity of emotion; and how can there be activity of emotion when a soul is becalmed, like a sailing-boat awaiting a breeze ere it can trim its sails? Left motherless when too young to realize her loss, Gertrude had led a sheltered life under the eye of her father, who had old-world theories about keeping girls at home, and who looked with suspicion on schools and colleges for them—preferring the *régime* of the irreproachable elderly governess to Cheltenham, Newnham, and competitive examinations.

The first event of any moment in the girl's life had been her meeting with Ronald Dare—for it was a meeting destined to change the even tenour of her existence and to open the door to another department of experience, hitherto closed to her.

Then, with the awakening of love, had come her father's refusal of his consent to any engagement; and because she was not a daughter of *to-day* in the sense of affecting twentieth century independence, but rather a woman of the early seventies, when Home was the supreme ruler for better or worse, and a parent's word as the law of the Medes and Persians, she accepted the situation by letting Ronald go.

Will-power lay dormant, awaiting its call to arms, and even love's voice was not strong enough to sound an alarm; the loud timbrel had yet to ring out, ere Gertrude found her feet, and could stand alone on the battle-ground. Love's call was too sweet to be vivifying; a sterner motive than love was needed. The domestic wire-puller still had things all his own way, and individuality was in imminent danger of extinction. Ronald had fared like the "children in the market-place;" he had piped and called to one who would not, or could not, dance to him. The timely *boulversement* had yet to come, which should rouse the timid, inactive soul to strenuous life. Probably

Gertrude would have remained characterless to the end of the chapter rather than thwart her father's wishes, if an influence far more mighty than that of any lover had not sent its clarion call to raise her out of her old self, into a new sphere where the bonds of custom and habit would snap as though they were cobwebs.

When Sir Richard sent his daughter to Rome for a winter, he thought that by accepting Mrs. Lansdowne's offer to include Gertrude in her travelling party, he was taking the most effectual step to make her forget Ronald Dare. He was right in one sense, though wrong in another. *Right* in his idea concerning the counteracting influence of totally different surroundings, and in supposing that Rome would prove an adequate distraction from love-dreams; but as to the issues he was hopelessly mistaken. Certainly the greater light was to extinguish the lesser, and Rome's noontide sun-blaze of truth and righteousness was destined to outshine the glow of romance in Gertrude's eyes; but not in the manner Sir Richard expected. He had trusted to novel sights and sounds, strange faces and an enlarged social area, to effect the eclipse of love, never bargaining for the motive power above and beyond any earthly ties of affection, which was so thoroughly to change his daughter from a girl into a strong woman. Hitherto "religion" had meant for Gertrude what it means for only too many outside the Church. "The lost sense of the supernatural" (that bane of Protestant England) is the key to the problem why naturalism and indifferentism are so widely prevalent to-day. The theory that "miracles don't happen now" is the death-blow to a supernatural life; while it reduces so-called religion to a mere matter of bygone history, linked to a system of ethics and formulas.

And though Gertrude's training had led her beyond a bare Ethos, it of necessity left many chambers in her psychological existence swept and garnished, "full of emptiness" alone. For religion at Pine Court was essentially a religion of Sundays; moreover, the Rector's *Credo* was elastic enough to contract or expand according to the various requirements of his congregation, so that "Moderation," "Toleration," and general nebulosity of the spiritual atmosphere, had in many cases sent souls all too comfortably to sleep, and satisfied them with the notion that so long as they did nothing unseemly or grossly wrong, they were fulfilling the whole duty of man.

Amongst the poor of the village the highest praise awarded to dead worthies was the dictum that "they never did any one any harm"—a significant sign of the times! To be taken from such a somnolent region to the living centre of Christianity was as tremendous a change for Gertrude as though she had been carried on one of Santos Dumont's airships to visit another planet.

And thus it came about that while the Lansdowne party skimmed in butterfly fashion over the surface of things seen, Gertrude's nature was stirred to its depths; and almost without knowing it, she was gradually metamorphosed from a tourist into a convert.

Possibly if her visit to the Eternal City had been "a snatch and away" affair of days instead of the contemplation of months, she would have left Rome greatly impressed, but nothing more—after the manner of one who is thrilled by some masterpiece of genius in music or painting. But a whole winter gave her soul time to expand. Take a plant from a dark, sunless room, and put it outside the window in the full light of day, and much difference in its condition will only become apparent after a given time has elapsed. Yet the charm of light and air is working none the less surely, and one day the weedy specimen will have assimilated so fully the health-giving properties of its new conditions, that it will finally be well-nigh unrecognizable.

Who could have foreseen that Gertrude, a girl of rather timid and yielding nature, handicapped by an inveterate habit of *dependence*, would change so entirely in one winter? The "light and air" of Truth assuredly worked wonders in her heretofore cramped and cabined soul. Often when her party went visiting or sight-seeing they puzzled over her pre-occupation, and thought her dull, while in reality her mind was more active than it had ever been before. She was perforce at great disadvantage under the espionage of a non-Catholic escort. To be *in* Rome, and not *of* Rome, is an anomalous position; therefore the strong spiritual attraction drawing her, magnet-like, worked under difficulties, to say the least. Do what she would, Gertrude could only touch with the tips of her fingers the lintels of the outer door between her and "the Inner Precincts." Ronald Dare was not *forgotten*, in accordance with Sir Richard's programme for future events. The lesser light burnt steadily within the niche set apart for his image; but it

was only as the light of a lamp, compared with that of the sun shining in his strength. Gertrude's feet were on the border-land of a new world—that new world discovered by all converts: that world which reveals to them a universe instead of a mere continent, and by the side of which the discoveries of a Christopher Columbus are insignificant. Though longing to probe the burning depths of the question of her conversion, circumstances proved too much for the girl. She had not yet grown to the Light sufficiently to sunder the swathing-bands of former habit, and she allowed the day of departure from Rome to come and go without breathing a word as to this new and overmastering desire which was gradually possessing her. She therefore arrived once more in England devoid of any help or encouragement to aid her in perseverance.

The wonder is that she did not slide back into the old groove, but "it's dogged as does it"—and though apparently hanging fire, Gertrude was only waiting and watching her opportunity to act. In due time the opportunity came.

For a wonder Sir Richard took it into his head to run up to town for a few days, to interview his lawyers; and Gertrude to her infinite relief found herself free to turn round. At a comparatively short distance from Pine Court a Religious Order has long been established, and the fine monastic church is one of the sights of the neighbourhood, while it affords immeasurable blessings to the sprinkling of local Catholics.

Instead of weakening recent influences, Gertrude's return home had just the opposite effect, and plans and ideas which in Rome were more or less fluid, had now become crystallized. The violent contrast between "Worship" as it was understood in the village, and the interpretation of that word in Italy, provoked a species of mental and moral nausea for Anglicanism and all its works, resulting in mere hypocrisy so long as such feelings remained masked. Outward adherence to Protestant modes and customs was worse than an empty form, while the girl's whole being rose up in revolt against her false position as a member of "the Establishment."

But Gertrude's nature was far too intrinsically loyal for her to submit to sail under false colours. She felt that for her the hour had struck—it was now or never; and like the straightforward girl she was she faced the situation, clasped hands with destiny, and bravely treading underfoot all natural fears, walked over to the local fountain head of the Catholic Faith.

On reaching the monastic church amidst the pines, she found several persons there before her ; confessions were being heard.

"Now, Gertrude, now, here is indeed your chance ; are you equal to it ?" loudly whispered conscience, as with a white face and every nerve taut as a bow-string, the girl threw herself on her knees, and with beating heart sent up a voiceless and wordless prayer for strength.

"Speak ! or for ever hold your peace !" cried out conscience again, and then with unfaltering step Gertrude passed into the first confessional she came to, just as a penitent left it.

Then followed minutes which were full of blessing and mercy for the struggling soul.

Regular instruction and advice followed from day to day, and the new convert was on the point of breaking the tidings to her father, whose absence in town had been unexpectedly prolonged, when Ronald Dare once more appeared on the scene. This time he came, not as an ineligible suitor, but with all his honours thick upon him, the victorious hero in a contested Election, and one of the country's legislators. By a three-figure majority over Lord Democrite he had been elected M.P. for Fairdale Episcopi.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Catholic School Committee,

THE Report of the Catholic School Committee for 1903 is out, and should receive a more general and more serious attention than such reports usually do, for it brings under notice several points which at this time of educational crisis have a special importance. Perhaps the general body of Catholics are insufficiently aware of the valuable service which this Committee renders them in its quiet way. In every parish the Elementary School is under the eyes of the congregation, and they are not likely to forget that to keep it going requires their pecuniary aid. They know that, if they have no longer to contribute towards the payment of teachers, they must keep the buildings up to a certain standard prescribed by the public authority, and that the claim on their purses has thus become, if lighter in some respects, heavier in others, since the new Act came into force. They know this, or if they are inclined to forget it, their local clergy are too directly responsible for it all to leave them long in ignorance of these facts. But there are other needs of the Elementary School system of which they can more easily remain unaware. If the children are to be trained in the Catholic faith there must be some system of religious inspection, and this cannot be carried on without a certain amount of expense being incurred. That is one point to which the Catholic School Committee sees. It defrays the cost of religious inspection. Its chief work, however, is of a still more important nature, and at the same time much more costly. To keep our Schools going we must have a regular supply of trained and certified teachers for the managers to draw from. In other words, we need to keep going our Catholic Training Colleges. Here again, though the Government Grant to the King's scholars bears the bulk of the expense of maintenance, a good deal is left—as the Balance Sheets published in this Report show—which the contributions of the

Catholic public must meet, if these Colleges are to maintain themselves, and the aspirants to the teaching profession not be compelled to seek their education in non-Catholic institutions. A third work which the Committee undertakes is that of aiding by small grants such struggling schools as must otherwise collapse, and yet are sadly wanted by the neighbourhoods in which they are placed. This, however, is a kind of work which for want of funds they have been able to discharge only in a very small way, and which this year they have been obliged to suspend altogether.

Thus indispensable as their work is, the Catholic School Committee, which have all along been hampered by the scarcity of their funds, find themselves just now in a peculiarly difficult position. They are at present responsible for five Training Colleges—Hammersmith (the only one for the education of male teachers), Liverpool, Wandsworth, Glasgow, and Salford. Of these Hammersmith has been a great drain on them lately because of the new buildings it was necessary to provide, but even apart from that they have had to exceed their income—which, as derived from church collections, subscriptions, interest on invested capital, &c., seems to average about £3,000 a year—in 1901 by £282, and in 1902 by £505 13s. od. That in itself is a serious matter, but one which is light in comparison, when we remember that they have now been called upon to take on their list two new Training Colleges, one at Newcastle, another at Southampton. It may be said, why take on any more, when there are no means for the purpose, and the decision of the Committee at its meeting last June was to refuse any new grants for the present? Still, this scheme for opening two new Training Colleges is but a symptom of the requirements of the times, which will probably mean our having to open others also, if we are to hold our own under the new educational arrangements. For these new arrangements mean that our schools will have to be much better staffed than formerly—both in regard to the number and quality of the teachers—nor must it be forgotten that the Local Authorities can insist on forcing upon us Protestant teachers if we are unable to provide suitable Catholic candidates.

What all points to is the desirability of increasing the resources of our School Committee, and that is what they themselves felt and expressed at their June meeting. Thus Lord Ripon said: "They were in a very serious position indeed, and

their first duty was to represent to the Bishops the necessity of a great effort to increase their annual income. He could not but think that even with the great demands which were made upon the Catholic body, it would be possible to accomplish that object if their Lordships were pleased to take the matter into their hands. They had the prospect before them of growing annual expenditure, if they were to fulfil the special and primary work for which they existed. The demand for masters and mistresses would grow for some years at all events, and therefore the Colleges must be increased." The Bishops, then assembled for their annual meetings, were accordingly approached, and, as was announced at the second meeting of the Committee on the following day, "expressed the strongest views as to the value of the work done by the Committee and their thorough appreciation of the gravity of the situation." Of course the difficulty in increasing the resources of the Committee arises out of the general difficulty of meeting the multitudinous claims on Catholic charity. Even this school question, as we have lately been reminded, is likely to involve us in serious and probably enormous expenses in other ways. Still, one cannot help feeling as one studies in this Report the accounts of the church collections for 1903, that, if it were possible to rouse our people up a little bit more, the proceeds of this collection might be easily doubled without any single contributor feeling even an infinitesimal increase in the strain on his resources. In the larger towns, at all events, it does not seem excessive to assume an average congregation of 500 a church. Suppose such a congregation to contribute at the rate of a penny a head, that would yield for the average church £2 1s. 8d., and if they were to double their offerings—which surely they could do without feeling it—to £4 3s. 4d.

Let us take that as a test to apply to the collections made in some of the large towns, and see how it reads. This will not merely help us to realize the ease with which we could double our efforts, but will bring to bear the stimulus of a little amiable rivalry between different towns. London, north of the Thames, from 56 churches, contributed £165 15s. 7d., about £3 a church that is, to apply the test just suggested, London congregations contributed at the rate of about 1½d. a head. London, south of the Thames, from 19 churches, sent £39 10s. 10d., or about £2 per church, or 1d. a head. Of the greater provincial towns—Birmingham, from 13 churches, sends £31 15s. 7d., or about

£2 9s. per church, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. a head; Manchester (including Salford), from 31 churches, sends £38 3s. 10d., or £1 4s. 6d. per church, or $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a head; Liverpool, from 31 churches, sends £31 7s. 2d., or £1 per church, or $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per head; whilst north of the Tweed—Glasgow, from 22 churches, gives £84 4s., or £3 16s. 4d. per church, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ d. a head. Moreover, in London, north of the Thames, 24 churches did not contribute; in London, south of the Thames, 10 did not; in Manchester and Salford 4 did not; in Liverpool 16 did not; whilst in Birmingham and Glasgow all did. In the great towns where our churches are fewer in number, we may place Leeds, which from 5 churches, sends £16 5s. 6d., or £3 5s. per church, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ d. (nearly) per head; Bradford, which from 5 churches, sends £13 19s. 9d., or £2 16s. per church, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. (nearly) per head; Bristol, from 5 churches, sends £13 18s. 6d., or £2 16s. per church, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. (nearly) per head; Preston, from 6 churches, sends £13 18s. 5d., or £2 6s. 5d. a church, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. a head; Cardiff, from 6 churches, sends £13 8s. 3d., or £2 4s. 8d. per church, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. (nearly) a head; Sheffield, from 6 churches, sends £12 11s. 7d., or £2 1s. 11d. per church, or 1d. a head; Newcastle, from 6 churches, sends £11 7s. 7d., or £1 17s. 11d. per church, or 1d. a head (nearly); Nottingham, from 6 churches, sends £7 16s. 11d., or £1 6s. 2d. per church, or $\frac{3}{4}$ d. (nearly) a head; whilst two Leeds churches, one Preston church, and one Cardiff church send nothing. Of the towns where the churches are fewer still in number, it would be deceptive to strike averages; but Birkenhead, which sends £8 5s. 7d. from 5 churches; Plymouth and Devonport, which send £10 1s. from 3 churches; Middlesbrough, which sends £8 1s. 5d. from 2 churches; and, above all, Dundee, which from 4 churches sends £19 12s. 2d., deserve a special mention.

These figures suffice to point the suggestion above made, that surely the congregations could double the income of the School Committee without even feeling the extra effort. It also suggests the question whether all our congregations realize their responsibility; whether, too, perhaps there may be some unknown reasons which explain what otherwise seems inexplicable, *e.g.*, how Liverpool and Manchester which sometimes claim to set us poor southerners the example can have done so poorly; how Liverpool with its £31 7s. 2d. can continue its claim to be the second city of the Empire against Glasgow with its £84 4s., or how it can see itself outdone so strikingly by its

neighbour Birkenhead, not to speak of far-off Dundee, which holds the palm among us all. London, too, though it has contributed absolutely the largest sum, does not show as it should; and is particularly bad in what is such an unpleasant feature of several of the towns, the number of churches which send nothing.

Besides this question of supporting the Training Colleges the Committee considered two other points, the formation of their Acting Committee into an Advisory Board, to which managers throughout the country can refer in their difficulties about the interpretation of the New Act; and the protection of the Catholic pupil teachers, whom the Local Authorities in several districts are trying to force into attendance at non-Catholic Pupil Teachers' Centres. The Report for 1903 is well worth studying by all managers, not to speak of others, for its information on these two important matters.

The Date of Eadmer's Death.

If the *Tractatus de Conceptione* must be accepted unequivocally as the work of the English monk Eadmer,¹ the disputed question as to the year of Eadmer's death acquires a new importance. Before he ceased to write it is clear that the feast of the Conception of our Lady had already come to wear a certain theological complexion. Men's minds were no longer directed, as they had been hitherto, to the mere external fact of the coming together of Joachim and Anne, with the supernatural manifestations described in the apocryphal gospels. Eadmer's treatise plainly shows that the celebration of the feast was now considered, at least by some, as tantamount to a profession of faith in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. But this identification was not everywhere accepted, and the other aspect of the question is curiously emphasized by a sermon written for the Conception feast, some time after 1125, by Osbert of Clare, at the request of Warinus, the "dean" of Worcester. Although Osbert was an ardent champion of our Lady's privilege of sinlessness,² he plainly

¹ See THE MONTH, July, 1904, pp. 2-4.

² This appears from a letter to the younger Anselm, written in 1128 or 1129, from which a considerable extract has been given in a recent article by the present writer, see THE MONTH, May, p. 465 and June, p. 569, and Cf. Mr. Edmund Bishop (in *The Downside Review*, 1886, pp. 112-115,) who first directed attention to the whole subject.

conveys to his correspondent in the letter accompanying this sermon, that he thought it wiser not to provoke such a storm of opposition as would be aroused in some quarters by any direct vindication of the doctrine.¹ Hence he plays round the subject, illustrating vaguely by a rather far-fetched application of certain texts of Holy Scripture the honour and glory due to our Lady in these *primordia redemptionis*. But of the belief that she was exempt from the law of original sin not one word is directly said. It is vexatious that we cannot determine the date of this sermon and the accompanying epistle. It shows that the tide of opposition to the dogmatic aspects of the Conception feast must have been running strongly; and it may be that St. Bernard's famous letter to the Canons of Lyons, in which he strongly condemns the new feast on dogmatic grounds had already become known in England.² That there were, however, a good many objectors on this side of the Channel, apart from any foreign suggestion, seems clear from Osbert's other letter, already referred to, as well as from the *Tractatus* itself. The generally apologetic tone of this document cannot escape notice, and the author says, almost in so many words, that while it was the simple folk who made themselves the champions of the celebration, the opposition to it came pre-eminently from the ranks of the influential and the learned.³ None the less, a definite statement is to be found in the thirteenth century text of the Annals of Tewkesbury, to the effect that the Council of London, in 1129, confirmed by apostolic authority the feast of the Conception of our Lady, and Mr. Edmund Bishop, in spite of the strong negative evidence on the

¹ "Nolo tamen ut aliquis emulus cynico me dente incipiat rodere et detractionibus perversis integritatem fidei meae lacerans infestare. Utinam universa de mea credulitate expertum haberet ecclesia quo me sibi praesidio vendicet et tueatur catholica fides et orthodoxa." (MS. Vitellius A. xvii. fol. 99.) He evidently felt that those who proclaimed aloud their belief in our Lady's exemption from the stain of original sin were liable to be looked at askance as unsound in point of doctrine.

² Mabillon, in his critical edition of the works of St. Bernard, assigned this epistle (No. 174) to the year 1140, but the Abbé Vacandard, the most distinguished of the modern biographers of the Saint, believes that it was probably written between 1128 or 1130.

³ "At ubi et maior scientia et praepollens examinatio rerum mentes quorundam imbuit et erexit, eandem sollenitatem sprete pauperum simplicitate de medio sustulit; et eam quasi ratione vacantem redegit in nichil. Quorum sententia eo maxime in robur excrevit, quod ii qui eam protulerunt, saeculari et ecclesiastica auctoritate divitiarumque abundantia praeminebant."

other side, was inclined, when he wrote in 1886, to regard this piece of information as authentic.¹

Under these circumstances the uncertainty as to the date of Eadmer's death becomes only the more tantalizing. If we assume, as has been generally done, that St. Anselm's secretary and biographer died in 1124, then it seems tolerably certain that the whole question of our Lady's exemption from original sin had been discussed in England very fully before St. Bernard wrote his famous letter to the Canons of Lyons. If, on the other hand, as a recent authority has affirmed, Eadmer lived on until after the year 1140,² then the whole controversy may have begun with St. Bernard, and Eadmer's treatise may have been elicited by the very letter of Osbert of Clare which was referred to above, and which we still possess. For in that letter of 1128-9, Osbert begs the younger Anselm either to write himself, or to get other learned men to take up the cudgels in behalf of the new feast;³ and he complains, just as the *Tractatus* itself complains, of the powerful influence which has been used to suppress it. If Eadmer had still been living it would have been natural enough for Abbot Anselm to appeal to him in such a cause, and supposing Eadmer to have written at Anselm's instigation, an explanation would be forthcoming of the fact that in so many manuscripts of the thirteenth and later centuries the *Tractatus de Conceptione* exhibits the name Anselm as that of the author.

But what is the evidence regarding Eadmer's death? Unfortunately it is almost all negative. If we consult the available authorities, including the pregnant notice by Dr. Liebermann⁴ in his *Anglo-Normannische Geschichtsquellen*, we shall find that the grounds for pointing to the year 1124 are reduced to three. First, we hear nothing of Eadmer after that date; secondly, his *Historia Novorum* terminates abruptly with the death of Archbishop Ralph in 1122; thirdly, although Eadmer

¹ See Bishop, l.c. p. 115. It appears, however, that the Paris MS. f. lat. 9, 376, which preserves a twelfth century text of the Tewkesbury Annals, does not contain this passage. (Vacandard, *Revue des Q. Hist.* 1897, p. 179.) Mr. Bishop calls attention to this Paris MS., but was unable at the time to consult it.

² See *Eadmeri Historia Novorum*, &c. (Rolls Series.) Edited by Martin Rule. Preface, p. ci.

³ See THE MONTH, June, pp. 569-570.

⁴ This gives much the most valuable and accurate account of Eadmer's career. It is astounding that neither Père Raguey's monograph, nor the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, nor Mr. Rule's Preface make the least mention of it.

had been duly elected Bishop of St. Andrew's in 1121, difficulties had arisen and another candidate was consecrated in his place in 1125. It is thought that so conscientious a prelate as Archbishop Thurstan would not have proceeded to consecration unless he knew that Eadmer's claim had been cancelled by death. It must be confessed that none of these arguments are very conclusive, and when Mr. Martin Rule affirms unhesitatingly that Eadmer, in describing the posthumous miracles of St. Anselm, refers to an event which took place in 1140, this new piece of evidence seems to settle the question. So much so that Père Ragey, while adopting the older theory that Eadmer died in 1124, finds himself constrained to assume that this account of the miracles is supposititious and the work of an early forger.

And yet it is not too much to say that this piece of new evidence is nothing better than a mare's-nest. I allude to it here as a curious illustration of the tendency of certain minds to build arguments on the most hazardous conjectures, while neglecting the plain facts which lie on the surface.

The story referred to, which is the last of all the miracles recounted by Eadmer, is briefly this. A certain young man who had formed part of the household of St. Anselm, afterwards went to reside at Bury St. Edmunds, being attracted by the fact that the Archbishop's nephew was Abbot there. He had just built himself a house when a fire broke out in the town. A strong wind was blowing and the danger to the new erection was imminent, but a monk, who was himself Eadmer's informant, suggested to the young man that he ought to pray to Archbishop Anselm for help. He did so, and the house was saved; though the other houses around it were reduced to ashes.

To Mr. Rule this story affords conclusive evidence of Eadmer's protracted life. The conflagration, he avers, is to be identified with one which we know to have taken place in 1140; hence Eadmer must have lived until after that year.

I might begin by remarking that the conflagration of 1140 is a fiction, or rather a blunder which Mr. Rule has copied from Battely. The fire which swept away the outbuildings (*officinæ*) of St. Edmund's Abbey took place in 1150, not 1140,¹ and in 1150 Anselm the younger was dead. But a still more interesting

¹ This error of Battely's is pointed out by Dr. Liebermann, who has printed the Bury Chronicle containing the entry. (Cf. l.c. p. 133, "Anno 1150; officine ecclesie S. Aedmundi omnes combuste sunt.")

point is the refutation which the terms of the narrative themselves afford to this confident piece of guesswork. Eadmer tells the story as he had heard it, he says, only a few days before. The client of St. Anselm whose property was in danger is referred to throughout as a young man (*iuvenis*). But if he had earned his livelihood as a servant in the Archbishop's household (St. Anselm died in 1109), as we are told positively he did, how could he be called a young man in 1140, that is to say, thirty-one years later? Moreover, the story plainly implies that the young man came to Bury as soon as he could when Anselm the nephew became Abbot, and that he had just settled down and built his house. Anselm became Abbot of Bury in 1121, and the episode of the fire seems therefore to suppose some such date as 1122 or 1123.

But this also implies something more. When Eadmer wrote, the incident had happened quite recently (*nuper*). Still, it is the last miracle he records, and in the very next paragraph he passes on to wind up his story with a rather touching epilogue. He seems plainly to be taking his farewell of literary pursuits. "My white hair," he says, "and my trembling fingers warn me that it is time to give over writing and to think of my prayers." And he adds that if after his death others should add to this record of miracles, he is responsible only for what has gone before. *Ego hic finem imposui*—"I have ended here." These are his final words. The whole tone of the epilogue in fact seems to me so clearly to convey a sense of death being not far off, that the year 1124, the commonly accepted date for that event, may in default of better evidence be held to be established with reasonable certainty.

The Gunpowder Plot again.

Under the auspices of the Religious Tract Society, Mr. Philip Sidney publishes in an imposing volume a new history of the most famous conspiracy in our annals. The author is already known by a recent adventure, which might have deterred a less courageous man from again courting publicity. Having, a year ago, publicly charged the Catholic Church in England with a scandalous traffic in "bogus relics," he was challenged by the Bishop of Limerick to substantiate so grave an accusation; in reply to which challenge he had nothing better to

say than that as the "free citizen of a free country" he was not disposed to do anything of the kind.¹

Such an exhibition is certainly not very promising for an historian; yet we are invited to take Mr. Sidney's new venture very seriously indeed. We are told in the prospectus that in order to put to the test what has been urged, especially by Jesuit writers, as to the true nature of the Powder Treason, he has gone into its whole history once again, and in particular that "he has drawn his information from the original documents preserved in the Record Office and at the British Museum." "The result of his scrutiny [we are assured] is clearly to disclose the nature and aims of the conspiracy, as well as Jesuit complicity in it."

As a matter of fact, however, throughout his whole volume Mr. Sidney does not adduce one single document which has not been perfectly well-known for years, and although he does occasionally make positive statements which students of the subject will find novel, in no instance does he substantiate such statements by any evidence. It is likewise manifest that he has examined very carelessly even the documents which he cites, so that occasionally he has quite missed their sense. Consequently, the only possible value of his book is as exhibiting the kind of thing which some people are ready to accept, and even to commend, in the way of history; for we shall no doubt find his work quoted henceforth as an unimpeachable authority.

But it may even be questioned whether its author himself has a very clear notion of the matters which he undertakes to elucidate. As he tells us in his Preface:

The result of my investigations has been, in my humble opinion, not only to verify the authenticity of the traditional story of the plot, but to reveal also that the Government knew full well of the existence of the conspiracy long before the receipt of the warning letter by Lord Mounteagle—a transaction which can best be described, in vulgar parlance, as a put up job.

That is to say, he claims to have proved, not only that the official narrative is true, but also that it is false in its most crucial particular, for undoubtedly upon no point did the Government more vehemently insist than the imminence of the danger from which they had escaped, and the authenticity of the letter sent to Monteagle, which was again and again

¹ See the correspondence printed in the *Tablet*, August 22, 1903, p. 290.

reproduced as clear evidence of the unexpected and providential character of their deliverance. If this was a "put up job," and if, as Mr. Sidney believes, the Ministers probably knew all about the plot "quite six weeks" earlier,—it seems pretty clear that, at least during that period, the conspirators were really playing the game of schemers more astute than themselves.

Chivalrous History.

A reviewer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has offered a hearty welcome to Lieut.-Colonel Haggard's new book on Louis XIV. He pronounces it to be an "honest" book, and admires its "robust, healthy spirit." He has found it "refreshing to come upon a writer once in a way who measures the figures and events of the past with an instinctive eye to the standard of right and wrong;" one to whose "straightforward, downright, chivalrous mind the Grand Monarque was no hero."

Far be it from us to question the gallant author's claim to possess these noble qualities in another capacity. We are concerned only with his historical work—with the revelation he has made of himself in his tirade against the Government which revoked the Edict of Nantes. Within the limits of this special view, we see no sign of honest work, no fairness of judgment, none but the narrowest and most bigoted standard of right and wrong and, in spite of the writer's profession of a desire to be "above all accurate," no care to be just, let alone chivalrous.

A remarkable feature of the volume is the complete absence of any attempt at criticism of the evidence relied upon. Indeed, rarely is the existence of any evidence referred to, and even when authorities are mentioned, it is only in the vaguest manner. The text runs on in an uninterrupted flow of assertions and anecdotes gathered from the "annals of France" (of which the author assures us he has made a special study) or the *Memoirs of Retz* or the *Correspondance Administrative*, or the Letters of the Princess Palatine, and the rest, together with cheap, sarcastic comments from the writer's own brain. Rags and tags of scandalous gossip and malicious stories of the most extravagant and impossible types are inserted with as little concern as universally accepted historical facts, merely because Saint-Simon or the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte or Elie Benoît,

"as quoted in his controversies by that good man Jurieu, who from Holland fought the battle of the Reformed Church against Bossuet," has retailed them. We look in vain for the shadow of a suspicion that these authorities may not be altogether trustworthy, for any indication of delicacy as to the line that divides truth from fabrication, blame from calumny.

Yet the character of these witnesses is well known. Lavallée, to whom we owe the first publication of Mme. de Maintenon's genuine Letters, says in the Preface to the *Lettres Historiques et Édifiantes*:¹ "Les Lettres de Madame de Maintenon doivent être regardées comme le contre-poison moral et historique des *Memoires de Saint-Simon* et surtout des *Lettres de la Princesse Palatine*; elles rafraichissent l'âme des scandales, des infamies, des calomnies dans lesquels l'un et l'autre se complaisent, et réduisent leurs récits et leurs accusations à leur juste valeur." Of Elie Benoit it is sufficient to note that his *Histoire de l'Édit de Nantes* is described in the *Biographie Universelle*² as *écrite avec beaucoup d'aigreur* and as *souvent infidèle*. And the "good man Jurieu" is chiefly celebrated for the violence which he imported into his quarrels both with Catholics and Protestants, his libellous treatment of Bayle and Jaquelot having been more repulsive even than his insulting language to Fenelon and Bossuet. In particular with regard to the Government of Louis XIV. his criticism is briefly qualified as "sometimes fair and right (*juste*), but oftener beyond the line (*outrée*)."

Döllinger—writing, be it remarked, after his rupture with the Church—is even more scathing than Lavallée. He attributes to the Princess, who is the chief source of these calumnious falsifications of history, a "sort of monomania and a downright greediness for slander." "Her statements about Madame de Maintenon," he says, "are full of inconsistencies and palpable untruths. . . . When her animosities are concerned in a question, she is at once ready to adopt as her own and to propagate malicious gossip and unfounded fabrications drawn from the nastiest sources, puddles one should rather say, without any sort of proof being offered for them."³

It is not because such "history" as Colonel Haggard's deserves criticism that we are tempted to take even so much notice of it; but it is a serious matter to find a journal usually conspicuous for ability and fairness going out of its way to trumpet the praises of so utterly worthless a production.

¹ P. xiii.² Paris, 1811.³ *Akademische Vorträge*, I. Nördlingen, 1888.

Reviews.

I.—PREHISTORIC MAN.¹

THIS is the second volume of the series entitled *The Antiquary's Books*, the first having been Abbot Gasquet's *English Monastic Life*, which we notice elsewhere, while that next to follow will deal with Old Service Books of the English Church. It thus appears that the province of the Antiquarian is interpreted in a very large sense, and some will be disposed to ask whether in the present instance it be not made to extend to a more remote antiquity than it can legitimately embrace. It is, however, inevitable that such extension should mark increase of knowledge. When prehistoric man was for us a semi-mythical being, in whom we vaguely believed, without at all realizing his existence,—it was only natural that our study of him should be classed with that of the deposits in which his relics are found, and the flints, the chipping of which would appear to have been for ages his constant occupation, as it furnishes his sole monument. But as the actuality of these our remotest ancestors is borne in upon us more and more, and as their solidarity with ourselves is brought home, involving problems which profoundly affect the most vital articles of philosophy and religion—they can no longer be excluded from the innermost circle of our interest, and however widely a palæolithic arrow-head or scraper may differ from a Gothic abbey or an illuminated missal, we are forced to recognize in it, as in them, a document for the intellectual history of mankind.

In the volume before us Professor Windle sets himself, as his immediate object, to describe the objects found within our four seas, or more strictly in South Britain, which help towards our knowledge of the human race prior to the discovery of the alphabet and the commencement of written records. But although dealing specifically with what has been discovered at home, he finds it necessary for the proper understanding of its

¹ *Remains of the Prehistoric Age in England.* By Bertram C. A. Windle, Sc.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., Professor of Anatomy and Anthropology in the University of Birmingham. Illustrated by Edith Mary Windle. London: Methuen, 1904. xv. 320 pp. 7s. 6d. net.

significance to make frequent reference to discoveries elsewhere, and to sketch in outline our knowledge of the whole subject resulting from researches in any part of the world. But he endeavours, so far as possible, to confine himself to established facts, and to leave theories alone,—although in certain cases he finds himself obliged to discuss speculative questions in regard of which recent controversies have arisen, as the true character of "Eoliths," and the transition between the Palæolithic and Neolithic periods. In the main, therefore, his book takes the form of a very full *catalogue raisonné*, detailing the implements and other manufactured articles found in England, which shed light upon the condition or habits of primitive man,—a catalogue the interest and usefulness of which are much enhanced by the excellent and original drawings with which Mrs. Windle has illustrated her husband's work. As to the actual remains of man himself—insignificantly few as these are compared with evidences of his handiwork—Professor Windle supplies only a brief chapter, intended as no more than a note, since to treat this portion of the subject adequately would demand another volume equal in bulk to the present.

To do any sort of justice in detail to a work like this is evidently impossible within the limits of such a review as can here be attempted. It must suffice to notice one or two points more general in their bearing.

In the first place, Professor Windle speaks out, not at all too strongly, on the danger which besets science, and not in this department alone—of assigning to theories a place they have no right to claim. There is, he says, "a vast amount of theory-spinning, in part not merely permissible but necessary, but in part wholly superfluous." To judge from the utterances of some writers, we might fancy that they had been privileged to live in company with prehistoric men, so as to be in a position to describe in detail their habits, their appearance, and even their speech; whereas, in truth, such writers have but dreamed themselves backwards into the times of which they speak. "To the scholar," says Professor Windle, "such discourses are of little moment. He is able to sift out the valuable portions of such books, when they possess any, from the valueless. But to the general reader it is otherwise. He is not to be supposed to be capable of knowing which statements are facts and which surmises." Accordingly, speaking for himself, he tells us: "To dispense with theorizing in such a subject as this

would be impossible, even if it were desirable; nor has the attempt been made. But so far as is possible, theory has been set aside for facts, and at least the reader has been warned when he is treading upon doubtful ground." Well would it be were such sane principles more widely favoured by writers on scientific subjects.

Passing from methods to results, the general reader will chiefly be interested in the light thrown by modern research upon the antiquity of man, a question concerning which such confident and sweeping statements are made by some who profess to report and popularize the conclusions of working anthropologists. In striking contrast to such positive talkers is the scientific caution of our author—"When," he writes, "did man first make his appearance? It is a question which cannot be answered with any certainty, since there is much difference of opinion on the point amongst scientific men." Of this only can we be certain, that man appeared on earth a long time ago, and none, he thinks, will hesitate to go as far as Lord Avebury when he writes: "Whether man existed in Britain before the Glacial period, or during the inter-Glacial periods of a more genial climate, there is still some difference of opinion, though it seems probable; but there can be no doubt that he was here soon after the final disappearance of glacial conditions, and co-existed with the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the musk-sheep, the gigantic Irish elk, and the cave-lion."

Of particular interest are the engravings on stone, bone, or horn, or carvings in the same materials, the first specimens of human art, representing these old long-extinct animals, and evidently made from life,—some of them with much spirit. It is very remarkable that, with the possible exception of a portrait of the cave-bear, considered by some to be a badly-drawn ruminant, only those creatures were represented which men would kill for food, the "undesirable animals," or beasts of prey, being conspicuous by their absence. This affords a good specimen of the strange puzzles which confront the investigator and speculator, and seems to show the exceedingly complex nature of the problems which are to be solved in a satisfactory manner only by the accumulation of facts. It is in its wealth of these that the true value of Professor Windle's book will be found to lie, and we sincerely hope that, over and above the information it directly conveys, it will train those who study it to set store by what can be shown to be fact rather than by what can be imagined to be possible.

2.—ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE.¹

In the volume before us Abbot Gasquet has provided for the general reader a very interesting and pleasantly written account of the life led by the inmates of an English Benedictine monastery during the latter part of the Middle Ages. Although the series to which it belongs bears the designation of "the Antiquary's Books," many besides those who consider themselves antiquaries will appreciate the charm of this excursion into a land which to the great mass of our countrymen is still a *terra incognita*. Indeed, to say the truth, we fancy that the professional antiquary will be a little disappointed by the absence of exact references and definite dates. It is a poor consolation to be presented with a general reference to twenty MSS. at the British Museum and to another score or so of printed custumals, when one is pining to know in what particular monasteries, let us say, "box-wood walking-sticks" were issued to the monks before the procession on the Rogation Days.² No doubt there is much information imparted which scholars will be glad to have in a readable and handy form. The account given of the various monastic officials or obedientiaries is excellent. So also is the long description distributed over two chapters of the routine of daily occupations. Moreover, we appreciate the impossibility of entering into much detail as to the variations of usage from century to century or between one abbey and another. None the less we cannot help thinking that to the type of reader for whom Mr. Brakspear's elaborate ground-plans and the minute but arid list of religious houses (which occupies more than one-fifth of the 300 pages in the volume before us) are presumably intended, something more of the comparative method would have been welcome. The articles of Dom Germain Morin in the *Revue Bénédictine* of Maredsous (1889 and 1890), entitled "La Journée du Moine," seem to us more nearly to approach the ideal in this respect. Abbot Gasquet, however, has very rarely touched on any usages save those of the pre-Reformation English Benedictines, and it is, no doubt by some subtle principle of compensation that while less than twenty pages of letter-press are given to all

¹ *English Monastic Life*. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D., Ph.D., D.Litt., F.R.Hist.S. With numerous illustrations, maps, and plans. London: Methuen and Co. xix. 326 pp.

² P. 94.

the other religious orders put together—the three folding plans (of which, by the way, nothing is said in the text) and a majority of the other illustrations are concerned with non-Benedictine communities.

This anomalous distribution of space, for which the title and preface do not prepare us, must be regarded, we fear, as somewhat of a blemish in an otherwise very useful volume. No doubt it would not be fair to expect of an *emeritus* scholar like Abbot Gasquet, overwhelmed with all sorts of occupations both administrative and literary—it would not be fair, we say, to expect that he should travel far outside the lines of those special studies, which in past years have deservedly won him his high reputation. But then would it not have been better to entitle the book *English Benedictine Life*, and to suppress altogether the scanty notices of other Orders? Not only is the information given in this short chapter wretchedly meagre, but it contains, to say the truth, some rather startling inaccuracies. Thus in the brief account of the Carthusian Order on p. 222 we read: "A manner of life of such great austerity naturally did not attract many votaries. It was a special vocation to the few, and it was not until A.D. 1222 that the first house of the Order was established in England at Hinton, in Somersetshire, by William Longesper (*sic*)."¹ But surely, long before this, the Somerset Charterhouse at Witham had given to the English Church one of the most famous of her saints in the person of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. The story of the foundation of Witham Priory by Henry II. is as memorable as any page of our religious history, and it took place nearly half a century before the intervention of William de Longespée, otherwise known as William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury. Indeed, William de Longespée never himself saw the Carthusians at Hinton. It was the Countess, his widow, who transported them thither in 1232 (not 1222) from Hethrop in Gloucestershire.

Again, we are told of the Cistercians² that "in England the first abbey was founded by King Henry I. at Furness in 1127." But as Miss Alice M. Cooke has shown in her admirable article on "the Settlement of the Cistercians in England,"² which might well have been included among Abbot Gasquet's list of authorities, the first Cistercian house in England was Waverley (1129). Furness was a foundation from Savigny, and it did not own any connection with the

¹ P. 221.

² *English Historical Review*, 1893.

Cistercians until, like the other Savigny communities, it was amalgamated with the White Monks of Cîteaux in 1147.

But what is perhaps more to be regretted, Abbot Gasquet has lent the sanction of his name to an old misunderstanding of Blomfield and Dugdale about the Brothers of the Pie. Instead of finally laying the ghost of this fictitious Order, and thereby rendering a service to English literature as well as to religious history, the book before us¹ presents us with a separate section on the Brothers of the Pie in this form :

ii. *Pied Friars or Fratres de Pica.*

These religious were so called from the colours of their habit, which was black and white, like a magpie. They had but one house in England, at Norwich, and had only a brief existence, as the Pied Friars were obliged, by the Council of Lyons, to join one or other of the four great mendicant Orders. Their house which, according to Blomfield, stood in the north-east corner of the churchyard of St. Peter's Church, was given to the Hospital of Bek, at Billingford in Norfolk.

But this designation, beyond all dispute, was simply an old popular name for the Carmelites or White Friars. It took its rise in the days when they still wore their curious striped mantles, exchanged for white in 1287. In any case the Pied Friars were certainly not confined to Norwich, for Walsingham, writing of London, in a casual reference under the year 1326, refers to the cemetery of those "quos 'Freres Pyes' *veteres* appellabant." The author of *Piers Plowman's Crede*, not to speak of other authorities, leaves no doubt as to the identity of the Carmelites and the Pied Friars. Thus in the midst of his tirade against the Carmelites, while ridiculing the supposed antiquity of their Order, the last-named writer remarks :

Sikerli y can nought fynden who hem first founded
But the foles foundeden hemself, freres of the Pye.

To say the truth, we are strongly disposed to suspect that the "Friars of St. Mary de Areno" and the "Friars de Domina," also duly registered here as distinct Orders,—though, strange to say, the Bridgettines are omitted,—have no better title to separate treatment than the Fratres de Pica. But the point is not so easy to determine. It is exactly for such delicate questions that the antiquary would be glad to possess a handy but authoritative volume embodying the results of the latest modern research. We are sorry that the book before us cannot be recommended for such a purpose.

¹ P. 242.

Of course these and other like oversights are only minor blemishes. They would almost certainly have been corrected had Abbot Gasquet been able to afford time to verify the statements he has borrowed from Dugdale or similar sources. None the less we frankly think it a pity that a name so respected as his should be associated with this imperfect and hasty work. We are grateful for much that is excellent in the volume, but we regret the lack of that care which might easily have made it so much better.

3.—A YOUTHFUL PASSIONIST.¹

It comes as a shock of surprise to find that one whom some still living will regard as quite their junior, and many as their contemporary, has already been accorded the title of "Venerable," the process of his Beatification being in progress. This is "Confrater Gabriel," of the Congregation of the Passion, the story of whose short life is lovingly told by Father Ward in these pages. Born in 1838, Gabriel Possenti till the age of eighteen led a life which, if innocent, was pleasure-loving and frivolous, giving no token of future sanctity. In 1856, to the surprise of all who knew him, he announced his intention of applying for admission to the Congregation of the Passion, carrying out his resolve in September of that year. In Religion he lived little more than five years, dying February 27th, 1862, and during this period he did no external work to bring him to the notice of the world, his time being wholly occupied in the exercises of his novitiate, and in his studies. Nevertheless he has become an object of great popular devotion, which however, very remarkably, did not exhibit itself till thirty years after his death, and is honoured as a thaumaturgus, most especially in the reform which devotion to him has wrought in his native district of Isola. It is particularly interesting to learn, on the authority of Cardinal Gibbons, that he himself and our late Cardinal Archbishop were amongst the first to move for official recognition of his sanctity by the Holy See.

¹ *The Life of Ven. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows* (Gabriel Possenti, of the Congregation of the Passion). By the Rev. Nicholas Ward, C.P. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons. London: Burns and Oates; Dublin: Gill, 1904. 277 pp. Price 2s. 6d.

The story of this saintly youth as told by Father Ward, is extremely edifying, and brings us in contact with a chosen soul, living upon earth a spiritual and angelic life, one of those vouchsafed by God from time to time, through whom a direct ray of heavenly light seems to find its way to earth.

We cannot but regret, however, that in his record of the marvels attributed to "Our latest wonder-worker," the author should not have taken more account of the critical methods which the spirit of our age demands. In dealing with manifestations of the supernatural, it is surely obvious that the extremest circumspection should be exercised, and that no instances should be cited for which the most convincing and irrefragable evidence is not forthcoming. No good can possibly result from a mere recitation of occurrences—some of the most startling character,—for which no evidence whatever is given, sometimes not even the name of the persons concerned.

The book is on the whole very creditably produced. We must however protest in the strongest terms against the wholesale adoption in a work printed on this side of the Atlantic, of such Americanisms as "fervor," "behavior," "enamored," "marvelous." Why should Catholic publishers admit what would not be tolerated by others? Still less excuse is there for such verbal forms as "practiced" and "practicing," which are invariably used: and what was the press-reader about when he allowed to pass so very ugly a monstrosity as "villiany"?

Such blemishes are the more regrettable as likely to set many readers against a book from which they might derive no little profit.

4.—THE CAMBRIDGE CRASHAW.¹

We have here for the first time a complete collection in one volume of all the poems of Crashaw, not only in English, but in Latin and Greek as well. They are printed from the most authentic editions in which they severally appeared during the poet's lifetime and shortly after his death, or from the MS. volume of Archbishop Sancroft at Oxford, wherein pieces are found which their author never published. The Editor has confined himself strictly to the work of editing, his notes—relegated to an Appendix—being merely critical, and his object

¹ Cambridge English Classics. *Poems by Richard Crashaw.* The text edited by A. R. Waller. At the University Press, 1904. x. and 410 pp.

being to reproduce as closely as possible his author's own work. He has not even corrected, except in a note, manifest typographical errors in the text before him, as in the epitaph for Crashaw's friend Herries,¹ "Raptus est ne *militia* mutaret Intellectum ejus."

At the end of the Appendix are added reproductions of the illustrations designed by the poet himself for his *Carmen Deo Nostro*, though they first appeared, after his death, in the Paris edition of 1652.

Altogether, for such as require nothing in the way of a commentary, this handsome and scholarly edition must remain final and classical.

Of the poems themselves it would be idle to attempt any appreciation, for their place in English literature has long been secured beyond dispute. Marred, they are, no doubt, by the introduction of conceits, which after the fashion of their age are often trifling and whimsical, but such blemishes are altogether overpowered by the gorgeous affluence of the language which he knew how to wield with so much subtlety and power; and a writer who has been admired by Cowley and Coleridge, and copied by Milton and Pope, requires no other testimonials to his excellence. That such a position should have been achieved by so young a man is remarkable enough, for he began to publish when barely twenty-one, and died when no more than thirty-six. Besides this, however, his training and career might seem the least likely to produce such results. Born of a strongly Puritan family, he evidently started life with bitter anti-Catholic prepossessions, as is evidenced by the epigram and the three longer pieces suggested by that ever fertile topic, the Gunpowder-Treason. The spirit which animated these may be understood from the lines with which one of them opens:

Grove plumpe, leane Death, his Holinesse a feast
Hath now prepared and you must be his guest.

Yet not only did he speedily emancipate himself from the narrow prejudices of his sect—for by the time he was twenty-four he was evidently repelled by Puritanism, and at thirty he was expelled from his Cambridge fellowship for refusing the Solemn League and Covenant,—but before his death he found his way into the Church, and, though never in Orders, he died a beneficiary or sub-canon of Loreto. He was led to Catholicism in great measure by admiration for the life and character of

¹ P. 133.

St. Teresa, and in it he found an atmosphere suited to the temper of his soul, for, as Mr. Sidney Lee says, "Crashaw's sacred poems breathe a passionate fervour of devotion, which finds its outlet in imagery of a richness seldom surpassed in our language,"—and it will hardly be denied that no form of Protestantism, Puritanism least of all, could be a very congenial home to such a man.

We may conclude by noticing the famous Latin verse on the Miracle of Cana, often erroneously attributed to Dryden :

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit :

better known perhaps in the English version (by Aaron Hill?),
The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

5.—THE BURDEN OF THE TIME.¹

The Burden of the Time. The title of this book is well chosen to express its contents, thoughts on the lessons which form so important a part in the daily Office of the Church. The second title, *Essays in Suggestion*, is also very apt ; the book consists, in fact, of Essays in the best sense of the word, Essays which are full of matter for thought. We are convinced that this little work will be profitable to all who read it ; its spirit is modern and yet in perfect taste, it is learned and well informed and yet full of true spirituality. It will furnish its readers with brief but pregnant answers to many of the problems which beset Catholics in the world of to-day. The achievements of modern science are wisely touched upon under the old text, "Vanity of vanities." The perennial difficulty caused by the manifest sufferings of the just is dealt with. The sanctity of motherhood is put with becoming force. The bane of mixed marriages is strikingly exposed. Many will be made to ponder by what is said on sins of thought, and we could indeed wish that all whom it concerns could be brought to meditate on the lesson which the author reads under the heading, "The years that shape a youth." "Look," he says, "to a boy's dreams ; get the key to those and see that Christ be set as a reality in the centre of them, and you will not have cause to mourn self-disquietingly over his future." And again further on, "Everything that modifies his inner spirit should be a matter of vigilance—the sights he sees, the words he hears, the companions he is allowed to cultivate, the servants that wait upon him, the books

¹ *The Burden of the Time.* By the Rev. Cornelius Clifford. New York : Cathedral Library Association.

and tales that colour his dreams." This is old world lore enough, strangely out of keeping with the hap-hazard methods of to-day ; but the same years still shape a youth, and the whole of Christian Education does not yet consist in the verbal learning of the Catechism. We will allow ourselves only to draw attention to one more thought, which, because it peeps out often we imagine must have deeply impressed the author, it is that on "The Irony of the Most High." The function of irony as the Greeks conceived it, he tells us, was to affect a transparent ignorance, and so God in giving Israel their foolish wish, a King to lord it over them, maintains an ominous silence, making no threat. So does He act towards the many who would be a providence to themselves and shape their destiny according to their own wisdom—when they insist He makes no protest, but leaves them "to be whipped by their own deeds, stripped naked to their own conscience, and scourged without pity." It is a thought as deep as true.

In conclusion we have no fault to find with this suggestive volume unless it be that there are a good many occasions when the thought does not flow quite naturally from the text, but seems rather to be forced upon it ; but we hesitate to offer even this criticism, for minds work differently and draw diverse suggestions from the same source.

6.—THE VIEWS OF CHRISTOPHER.¹

Wholesome, vehement, exacting criticism of men and manners in general is set down in this dainty, slight book with the frankness, gravity, and finality of the philosophy of eager youth. Petards for various brazen images placed not without effect. To those many to whom books on the conduct of life make appeal these views of Christopher may be confidently recommended. Over-emphasis of the worth of blood, not in any snobbish sense but in simple faith, will no doubt challenge opposition. But the main tenets of this strenuous person's creed are sound, and we shall all be the better for a more general recognition of them. The writer has a happy touch of style, the dialogue, with broad spaces of monologue—Christopher's—is without suspicion of tedium, which, the form considered, is a notable achievement. It may frankly be commended *virginibus puerisque* and to the elders. A good book.

¹ *The Views of Christopher.* Introduced by Coulson Kernahan. London : Elkin Mathews.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE have received the prospectus of the recently-established Catholic Record Society, to which we most heartily wish all success. As to its object we are told—"The Society has been formed, to transcribe, print, index, and distribute the Registers of Baptisms, Marriages, and Deaths of Catholics, and other old Records of the Faith, chiefly personal and genealogical, since the Reformation, in England and Wales." Apparently the phrase "Other old Records" is to be taken in a wide sense, and for our part we should say, the wider the better. It is evident, however, that the power of the Society for doing good and useful work, must entirely depend upon the help it receives in the way of a large membership, and we sincerely trust that the importance of its objects will be recognized by the Catholic body so as to secure this. This Society is to be congratulated on having secured Lord Herries for its first President.

A new Edition of an old well-known work is *The Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, by Rev. F. Arnoudt, S.J., translated from the Latin by I. M. Fastre. (Benziger Bros., New York, 1904.) It is bound in cloth, price 5s.

The distinguishing characteristics of *St. Patrick in History* (by the Rev. Thos. J. Shahan, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1904. 77 pp. 2s.), are the Foreword at the beginning and the Notes at the end. The Foreword tells of the "sources" of St. Patrick's history; the Notes direct the reader to "authorities" whom he may consult with profit if he wishes to judge for himself, as a student should. The body of the book sums up the author's estimate of the influence of St. Patrick's teaching and personality on the Irish race. As might be expected, it is redolent of the enthusiasm of the subject, and rises even to the level of eloquence. But there is no trace of exaggeration. It goes without saying that Irishmen, all the world over, will read it with rapture; but others also, with less

spiritual imaginations, will be found ready to sympathize with a noble theme not unworthily rendered.

It is like sending coals to Newcastle, to commend a prayer-book, which was "presented" to Leo XIII. ten years ago, through Archbishop Kirby, has had praise from a Cardinal, two Archbishops, and no less than nine Bishops, and has now reached its nineteenth edition (completing 120,000). Such has been the happy fortune of *The Child of Mary before Jesus abandoned in the Tabernacle* (Limerick: Guy and Co. Ltd., 1903). The zealous compiler is to be congratulated on all the good his little book has effected. Why it has proved a favourite may be guessed from the title. But the common-sense that went to the selection of the prayers and the choice of dimensions may not have been without effect.

Cor Cordium is a little handbook of devotions to the Sacred Heart, by Madame Cecilia (London: R. and T. Washbourne, 1904. 133 pp.). It is introduced as "a dainty little Manual," in a short Preface by Father B. Vaughan, S.J. And dainty it is both in matter and form. It is a collection of spiritual dainties, prose and verse, old and new, one to each page, the poetry facing the prose.

A most appreciative Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons is warrant, if warrant were needed, that the *Life and Life-work of Mother Theodore Guérin* (New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904), were worthy of permanent record. She was Foundress of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana, and to judge from her letters must have been exceptionally gifted by nature and by grace. It is a bulky volume (500 pp.), but well worth perusal.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals:

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1904, III.)

An unprinted Work of St. Cæsarius. *G. Morin*. The author of the Muratorian Canon. *J. Chapman*. The Auxiliary Bishops of Tournai. *U. Berlière*. The helpers of St. Hildegard. *H. Herwegen*. Reviews, &c.

BESSARIONE. (May, June, 1904.)

Cardinal Bessarion's Cross at Venice. *E. Cozza-Lusi*. A Story of Catholicism in Georgia. *P. A. Palmieri*. The one great Moralist of Ancient Egypt. *E. Revillout*.

DER KATHOLIK. (1904, V.)

Canon E. Gotthardt of Passau. *F. Lauchert*. The Counter-Reformation in the Hill Country during the early part of the Seventeenth Century. *A. Beit*. The Book of Tobias and the Fairy Tales of the grateful Dead. *J. Sieger*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (July.)

The Value of Instinct as a witness to a future life. *A. Catoire*. The Inquisition in Spain. *S. Peitavi*. The "Cursus" in St. Paulinus of Nola. *P. Martain*. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (July.)

The Anglo-French Declaration regarding Egypt and Morocco. *V. Minteguiaga*. Monastic Studies in the West. *R. Ruiz Amado*. The Vital Principle and Materialism. *J. J. Urráburu*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (July.)

Pontifical Diplomacy. *R. Parayre*. Gnosticism. *J. Tixeront*. The Struggle in the Far East. *G. de Lérezin*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (July.)

The Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. *M. Meschler*. The Growth of Cities. *H. Roch*. The International Art Exhibition at Düsseldorf. *S. Beissel*. The Encyclopædia of D'Alembert and Diderot. *A. Baumgartner*.

ÉTUDES. (July 5 and 20.)

The Religion of the Heart. *L. de Grandmaison*. Blessed Margaret Mary. *A. Hamon*. Galileo and the Roman Congregations. *G. Sortais*. The Codification of the Canon Law. *L. Choupin*. To China by the Trans-Siberian Railway. *S. Rivat*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (July 2 and 16.)

General Lahoz. The Protestants and Father Denifle. The Gospel and M. Loisy. Auricular Confession and the Discipline of the Early Centuries. The Origins of the Church of Aquileia. Reviews, &c.

